A ROYAL ARBOR OF LOYAL POESIE,

Consisting of

Poems and Songs.

Digested into

TRIUMPH,
ELEGY,
SATYR,
LOVE,
DROLL.

Composed by *Tho. J*

——*Mediocribus*
Non Homines, non Dii, non concessere Colu
Horace, de Arte

London, Printed by R. *Wood* for *Eliz. Andrew*. white Lion near *Pye-Corner*, 166-

BRITISH MUSEUM

To the moſt liberall Lover of Sciential Induſtry and Native Ingenuity, the truly Noble, *John Adams*, Gent.

Much honored Sir,

When you ſhall pleaſe to make a review of your own ſerene Merits, and peruſe with panting Curioſity theſe Poetical Imperfections, my fears are that you will condemn my Confidence; *but my* hopes *are as great, that you will commend my* Prudence: *from whence I extract this preſumption, that though all* Criticks *ſhould comply to cry down my* Wit

in compoſing my Poems, *they ſhall applaud my* Judgement *in the choice of my* Patron. *Sir, Your own deſervings declare You to be no leſs then a* Palace of Honour, *if theſe* Poems *like a Vine, or Woodbine, may ſupport themſelves upon your Edifice, they ſhall, by this fortunate tranſplantation, grow more fragrant, and gratifie your Indulgence. The buſineſs of the whole World is but* folly diverſified, *nor can I make a better* Apology *for my* Poetry, *but that it is* Vanity *in* variety; *yet no leſs* innocent *then thoſe* Actions *which the* nobleſt Perſons *in the* worthieſt Times *have eſteemed their cleareſt* Recreations. *I muſt confeſs that the multiplicity of* reaſonleſs Rhymers *and* irregular Readers, *have very much defaced the* Majeſty *of* Poeſie, *but one beam of Your* favour *will re-inthrone it. Sir, you will finde ſome pieces in this promiſcuous*

Gallery *very* plainly *dreſt*, *but withall very* properly; *for my aims were always rather at* aptitude *then* altitude, *and to make my Compoſitions more genuine then gorgeous, it is no more proper in* Poets *then in Painters, to clothe a Tinker in Tiſſue: Sir, (in one word) Your Candor hath compell'd me to make theſe Poetical Addreſſes, if any thing in them may either provoke Your praiſe, or pardon, I ſhall congratulate that happy means, which hath ſafely conducted me to ſo ſplendid a ſphere of* Love *and* Ingenuity, *and be alwayes ſtudious to deſerve (what I have been ever ambitious to deſire) a ſeat in Your memory, and liberty to ſubſcribe,* Sir,

The humbleſt of all your faithful Servants, and the devouteſt of your Honourers,

Tho. Jordan.

To all Noble, Learned, and Ingenious Lovers, of Poets, and Poetry.

Moſt Royal, Honourable, and truly Worthy.

ALthough *Poets* and *Poetry* (which the beſt ages formerly had in an exalted Eſtimation) are, in theſe *looſe latter times* ſo diſcrowned and diſcouraged, that the very *Name* is made but a Title of Infamy, and their inſpired Perſons conſidered but in the needleſs number of metrical Mendicants; (becauſe *Poverty* and *Poetry* are ſuch Correlatives) yet I hope *thoſe Perſons* to whom I direct my Endeavours, and would onely ſelect to be my Supervisors, are qualified with diviner Inſpection.

on. It hath been frequently obſervable amongſt Hiſtorians, when *Times* did grow degenerate, and declined into *Barbariſm*, *Poetry* did wane into contempt and contumely, but (*è contrario*) in flouriſhing, well modell'd and orderly guided *Republicks* it advanced to *Honour* and admiration. I am not ſo extravagant as once a preſented Poetaſter (in a good Comedy) ſaid, *Who loves not Verſe is damn'd*: nor ſo rapt with a vain-glorious humour and ſelf-admiration as old *Ben* was when he made this *Diſtick*, the Theam being *Poets*.

when God begins to do ſome exc'lent *thing,*
He makes a Poet *or, at leaſt, a* King.

But I am perſwaded that the *Prieſts of Apollo* are very much better then the ſquint-eyed ſouls of ruſtick capacities render them.

To the Poetical Reader.

I remember (very opportunely) that I once prefented a Manual of *Meeter* to a very popular *Phyſician* of this *City* in *Oliver*'s time, who made me no better return, then that *He hated Poetry*; after which words ſuch a judgement fell upon him, that he hath lien ſweating under the heavy diſpleaſure of *Venus* ever ſince. I could tell you more and worſe puniſhments that have fallen upon ſuch *Hereticks*, but I ſhould then make my *Epiſtle* exceed the length of my *Book*, and your *patience*; which I fear I ſhall preſerve to ſuffer more by the *Saw* of my rude Compoſitions, although never the intent of

Your Servant,

Tho. Jordan.

An Induction.

WHen eighteen years had crucify'd our Pleaſure,
With Civil Swords, by waſting Blood and Treaſure;
When by the Power of a Schiſmatick brood
Religion's glorious face was in a Cloud;
After the mildeſt *King* the Sun e're ſaw
Was murther'd by imaginary Law:
When *Cov'nants* made to *God*, *Angels*, and *Men*
Were broke by thoſe who fain would do't agen;
After they did the Bloody Corps Interr,
Of Praying, Preaching, Perjur'd *Oliver*;
When Parliaments were worn unto the ſtump,
And *England*'s Head was ruled by a Rump;
When (blinde with ſorrow) we began to grope,
When all were out of heart, and out of hope:
Then MONCK, the King of *Gen'rals* came forth
In a myſterious March out of the North,
To *London* City; where he and his Men
Pull'd down the Gates, but ſet them up agen:
When by his ſmiles he put hope in us all,
This Speech was ſpoken to him in this Hall.

A Speech made to his Excellency the Lord General Monck, *and the Council of State, at* Skinners-Hall *on* Wednesday, *being the Fourth of* April, 1660. *At which time he was nobly entertained by that Honourable Company.*

I Can forbear no longer, out it muſt
If I ſhall prove ingenious or juſt,
I have with wary eyes obſerv'd your ſteps,
Your Stands, your Turns, your Pauſes and your Leaps,
And finde, however you may mask your brow,
You are a Stateſ-man, and ambitious too:
A right ſelf-ended Perſon, for be't known,
Yours and the Publick Safety are all one;
You are ambitious to be *good*, that feat
Our Stateſ-men miſt, for they were to be *great*:
But yet (as *Solomon* made that choice which
Commanded all) Wiſdom will make you rich,
And great, and glorious; and theſe ſhall laſt
As long as time, and after time is paſt:
When ſuch as have their Countreys Rights betray'd,
Shall receive pay in *Lucifers* Brigade.
My Lord, I ſcorn to flatter, I'le be true t'ye,
All the good Deeds y'have done, are but your Duty;
But yet your hand ſtretch't in Jehovahs Name
Hath ſnatch'd three burning Kingdoms from the Flame;
Our Laws, our Liberties, or what to us,
And all mankinde may be held precious,
Were at the Stake, this Action hath out-run
All thought; we cannot tell you what y'have done,

Nor

Nor you your ſelf, it may not be expreſt
Till divers years have made it manifeſt:
Thoſe ravenous beaſts that our deſtruction wrought,
When Church and State were to the *Barebone* brought
(*Praiſe God*) you ranſom'd, and without a Club,
Beat down the daring Doctrine of the Tub;
The ſinking Pulpit to you did reſtore,
Our Apron-Prelates muſt come there no more;
And now the Iron-Monger will not ruſh in,
But ceaſe to make an Anvile of the Cuſhin:
This you have done, quite unknown to the ſilly
Prognoſtications of *Booker* and *Lilly*,
Who know not (with all help their Arts can do)
What 'tis guides *Charles his Wain* ſo well as you.
But I forget my Meſſage, Sir! by me
This faithful Hoſpitable Company
Doth bid you welcome; welcome as the Spring,
As you your ſelf would welcome home——the thing
We all expect, without the which, each Nation
Subſiſteth onely by Anticipation:
Theſe ten or twelve years our three Kingdoms have
Liv'd in a darkneſs equal to the Grave,
Stifled for want of breath until the bright
Beams of your Preſence gave a little light:
Tis yet but twilight, could we gain the Sun,
And the clear wholeſome air, the work were done;
You can diſpel theſe miſts and make all fair,
We ſue for nothing but the *Sun* and *Air*

Continuation of the Induction.

THe wary General whoſe Art did lye
Much in the ſoul of buſineſs, ſecreſie,
Was ſo obſcure in all his poſtures we
Could not diſcover his dark Loyalty;
So ſilent was his tongue, ſecret his face,
We could by neither finde he did embrace
Our royal hints; but when the upſhot came,
Swifter then powder, put into a flame,
Through an obſcuring Cloud before he ſpeaks,
Even as a hand Granado e're it breaks,
He fir'd us all, for (with a true conſent)
The Kingdom calls a full Free Parliament,
That he by lawful conſequence might bring
The ſuffering Sovereignty of our Dread King
Home to his glories, which no time could do
But this, 'cauſe Providence would have it ſo:
And now the Scene is chang'd, for what before
The people did ſo hatefully abhor,
They heartily embrace: no other thing
Can prove ſo great a Cordial as the King:
Nothing but He can cure 'm, for the Devil
Had over-run the Land with the Kings Evil.
Now he's Proclaim'd the Bells joyfully ring, (M.
The Bonfires blaze, all cry, *God ſave the King*; (1
'Twill make all Ages ſtudy and admire on't,
Him whom they call'd the Son of the late Tyrant,

I

Is now a God; and no where can be had
(To heal their Wounds) the Balm of *Gilead*,
But in King *Charles*; whole Troops of glitt'ring Men
Contend by thouſands who ſhall fetch him in:
The City ſends forth acclamations high,
No Prayers are made but for his Majeſty.
Thus do they guard him to *Whitehall*, where we (*May*
Will pray for him and his Poſterity, (29.
That when the worſt of State-Diſtempers ſpring,
We may be cur'd by praying for the King.

Another Speech at Goldſmiths-Hall *to the General*, April, 9. 1660.

After a Song concluding with a Chorus *of Amity. Enter a Sea Captain, he divideth the Singers and ſpeaketh.*

LEt me make one too; Are ye grown ſo ſtout
To contrive Peace, and leave the Sea-man out;
Have you in theſe large bowls which Plenty gave ye
Drank off the Ocean, and ſwallow'd the Navy?
You never think upon our Rocks and Shelves,
So you may ſnudge in ſafety by your ſelves;
Are not you *Brittains*? is not Navigation
The onely guard, and glory of a Nation:
Can ye have Treaſure brought without a Fleet,
What is it gilds *Cheap-ſide* and *Lumbard-ſtreet*,
But our Sea Trade? by our cutting the curl'd
Ocean, ye hold Commerce with all the world;
Whence come your coſtly Carpetings and Works,
That grace the Chambers of Triumphant Turks,

But from beyond Sea? and wiſe men of truſt
Believe if we have peace agen, it muſt
Come from beyond Sea, and d'ye go about
To make a Peace and leave the Main Maſt out.
But where's my Admiral? Oh! I have ſpy'd him,
His merits are ſo clear, no Clouds can hide him;
I muſt go droll with him though, what chear! hey?
Up to the ears in Cuſtard, here's a fray
Compounded without blood-ſhed, theſe would be
Good bits upon a March, *George*, or at Sea;
When in the fury of tempeſtuous Weather
We and our meat are pickled up together:
Here are pure Quarters, Plenty keeps her Spring
In *London*, 'tis a City for a King.
I came juſt now aſhore to ſpeak with you,
Directly up to *Goldſmiths-Hall*, I knew
Where I ſhould finde you out, you love to ſettle
With honeſt hearts, and men of the beſt mettle;
They love Saint *George*, and yet do highly ſet
A value on Saint *Dunſton*, they'r well met,
Both of them put the Devil in a dump,
One had him by the noſe, 'tother the Rump,
And thereby hangs a tail: when I came hither,
My buſineſs and my boldneſs mixt together
Made me thruſt in; where crowd ye cry'd they all,
Quoth I to ſpeak with my Lord General,
I'm one of his Sea Captains; preſently
The Maſter, and the generous Company
All bad me welcome, and did ſtrongly woo
Me to bid you ſo, and this Council too;

In theſe or ſuch like words they bade me ſay,
The Sun's not welcomer to a dark day
Then you are to this City; for you are
Temp'rate in undertakings, ſtout in War,
Prudent in Councils, quick when dangers call,
Secret in great deſigns, honeſt in all;
'Twould make the rudeſt Rebel quite renounce ill,
To ſee but ſuch a Souldier, ſuch a Council,
God proſper both, and may you never ceaſe
Till you have brought home the bright Princes peace,
That long loſt Lady, could we make a Crown
As rich as that was worn by *Solomon*,
Rather then we would loſe her, or diſpleaſe her
(I mean fair Peace) we'd give that Crown to *ſeize her.*

A Speech ſpoken to the General and Council, when he was feaſted at Fiſhmongers-Hall.

After a Song of difference betwixt the Lawyer, the Souldier, the Citizen, and the Countrey-man: The Chorus *being ended, Enter the Speaker habited properly for the Ghoſt of* Maſſianello *Fiſherman of* Naples.

IS your Peace juſt? what Rock ſtands it upon?
Conſcience and Law make the beſt union;
If you gain Birth-rights here by Blood aud Slaughter,
Though you ſing now, you'l cry for ever after;
Truſt my experience one that can unfold
The ſtrangeſt trueſt tale that e're was told:
In my degree, few men ſhall overtake me,
I was as great as wickedneſs could make me:

This heart, this habit, and this tongue to boot
Commanded forty thouſand Horſe and Foot:
In three dayes time, my fortune grew ſo high
I could have match't my Fiſher's family
With the beſt blood in *Naples*; right and wrong,
And life and death attended on my tongue;
Till by a quick verticity of fate,
I finde too ſoon what I repent too late;
And though a Rebel in a righteous cloathing,
My glow-worm-glories glimmer'd into nothing:
Thus fell that Fiſherman that had no fellow,
I am the wandring ſhade of *Maſsianello*;
Who ſince I was in this perdition hurl'd,
Am come to preach this Doctrine to the world.
Rebels, though back't with power and ſeeming reaſon,
Time and ſucceſs ſhall feel the fate of Treaſon.
But ſtay! what Picture's this hangs in my ſight?
'Tis noble *Walworth* the King-ſaving Knight,
That ſtab'd *Jack-Straw*; had *Walworth* liv'd within
Theſe four Months, where had *Jack* the Cobler bin?
It was a bold brave deed, an act in ſeaſon,
Whilſt he was on the top-branch of his Treaſon;
But from that ſhadow dropping down my eye,
I ſee a ſubſtance of like Loyalty.
If long renowned *Walworth* had the fate
To ſave a *King*, you have to ſave a *State*.
And who knows what by conſequence, the Knight
By that brave deed, gain'd every man his right;
And you by this, may give each Man his due,
Not onely Truſty hearts, but Traytors too:

He

He drew Blood, you did not, 'tis all one ſence,
There's but a *Straw's* breadth in the difference:
He ſav'd the Town from being burnt, and you
Have reſcu'd it from Fire and Plunder too:
He was this *Companie's* good *Benefactor*,
And you have been their *Liberties* Protector;
For which I heard them ſay they would engage
Their States and Bloods, and Lives againſt all rage
That ſhould oppoſe your juſt Deſign; and that
You are the welcom'ſt Gueſt ever came at
This Table: they ſay all they can exhibit,
Is not ſo much a Treatment as a Tribute.
They call you the firſt ſtep to *England's* Peace,
The right fore-runner of our happineſs.
And joyn'd with theſe great Councellors, you are
Our beſt preſervatives in Peace and War.
You have a Loyal Heart, a lucky hand
Elected for the Cure of this ſick Land;
Who (by Protectors and unjuſt Truſtees)
Hath been enſlav'd, and brought upon her knees:
We humbly pray this may be thought upon,
Before the Kingdoms Treaſure be quite gone,
And hope you will (though envy look a ſquint)
When all is fit, put a Juſt *STEWARD* in't.

Chorus of ten Voices.

THen may your Fame out-live all ſtory
And prove a Monument of Glory,
Kings and Queens (as Tribute due)
On their knees ſhall pray for you,

Whilſt

Whilſt all true hearts confeſs with Tongue and Pen
A Loyal Subject is the beſt of Men.

A Speech Compoſed to Welcome to the Engliſh Shore, the moſt Sacred and Inimitable Majeſty of Charles *the Second, perſonated by the* Genius *of* England.

MIrrour of Majeſty, bright Riſing Sun,
The virtues of all Kings compriz'd in one;
How ſhall I look on thee Great Lord of Light,
Lay by thy Beams, or fortifie my ſight;
Thou art ſo frequent at the Throne of Grace,
That Gods reflective Glory gilds thy Face:
Shall I make bare my Feet, as I am bound,
Or ſhall I kneel, for ſure 'tis Holy Ground?
I will do ſo, *England* behold and bluſh,
Here's the beſt Emblem of the burning Buſh:
I need not paraphraſe, but wiſh this Nation
May come to Uſe as well as Application.
Remember *Worceſter*, that eſcape may well
Match the demenſions of a Miracle;
Had I been Rebel of the worſt degree,
That very Fate would have converted me;
Who ſaw not that, ſaw nothing.——But I come
Dread Majeſty to bid you welcome home,
So doth the Kingdom too, and all about ye;
For (in plain terms) we could not live without ye.
The Law and Goſpel too bad us good night,
All had been *wrong* if you had loſt your *right*.

Till

Till *Lot* came-out, great *Sodoms* lofty Towers
Could not take fire, this very caſe is ours.
The Land ere this had all in aſhes bin
But that, as theirs went out, our *Lot* came in;
Each individual perſon in this Nation,
May bid you welcome next to their ſalvation:
The very Schiſmaticks, and ſuch as are
The manifeſt incendiaries of War
May bid you welcome; for their Lives and Lands
Had elſe been raviſh'd by each others hands:
You have a Kingdom here in order put,
So out of frame, *Chaos* was nothing to't;
Your very preſence doth at once diſpence
Light, heat, life, growth, and God-like influence:
You gain'd commiſſion from the King of Kings,
To bring us our Redemption in your Wings.
Therefore may all the Joyes that Kingdoms want,
All that good men can beg, or God can grant,
All kindes of happineſs paſt and to come
From the Creation, till the day of Doom,
Fall on your Majeſty; may every thing
Contribute to the comforts of the King.
And when the beauties of a Royal Bride
Shall by your Sacred Arms be ſanctifi'd;
May the pure power of Union ſo inflame ye,
That married Pairs may proſper when they name ye.
And may your Princely Progeny out-vye
The Stars for Light and Multiplicity.
You are a man, Sir, *after Gods own Heart*,
May *Stuarts* Name, and *Englands* Crown ne're part;

But

But may it prove our Comfort and our Cure,
So long as either Sun or Moon endure;
May you have faithful Councellours, and all
As juſt as *George* your Loyal General:
May Peace Crown all, and if there ever ſprung
A Prophets Spirit in a Poet's Tongue,
May mine hit right, and all my dayes I'le ſing
Upon no theam but this, *God and the King*.

A Prologue to the King.

LOng live the King in your Celeſtial Eyes
The vertue of our late Creation lyes;
Our Re-Creation, for on Engliſh Earth,
You are to every thing a ſecond birth:
We muſt acknowledge Liberty nor Lands
Could come more grateful then your Dread Commands,
Did to our very ſouls; but we are ſorry
We ſhould this Night attend on ſo much glory,
With ſuch weak worth; or your clear ſight engage
To view the remnants of a ruin'd Stage;
For doubting we ſhould never play agen,
We have play'd all our *Women* into *Men*,
That are of ſuch large ſize for fleſh and bones,
They'l rather be taken for Amazons
Then tender Maids; but your mercy doth pleaſe,
Daily to paſs by as great faults as theſe:
If this be pardon'd we ſhall henceforth bring
Better oblations to *my Lord the King*.

"This alone that was played Women's parts Epi-
even after the Restoration." (Malone)

Epilogue to the King.

WE have all done, if we have giv'n diſtaſte,
It were much better we had done our laſt;
But mighty Monarch, in your power it lies,
And onely yours to ſave or ſacrifice:
What we do want in playing, it ſhall be
Supply'd in praying for your Majeſty.

On a Picture of the Kings Eſcape in the Oake.

BEhold the King, to avoid danger's ſtroke
Confines his Royal Body in an Oake,
Which liv'd until his Fathers Life was done,
Then dyed to prove a ſafety for the Son;
And to us all this well-try'd truth imparts,
Better truſt hollow Trees then hollow Hearts.

On the King and Miſtris Lane *on Horſeback.*

BEhold a Lady who had once the honour
Of having a great King to wait upon her;
A Matchleſs Madam, Pieties reſtorer,
For in one man four Kingdoms rides before her;
The great Defender (as true Story ſaith)
Of him that is *Defender of the Faith.*

On the Picture of the King on Horseback in Parliament Robes.

BEhold King *Charles* the second doth present
In Royal Robes both King and Parliament;
Which signifies, that in thought, word, and deed,
The King and Parliament are both agreed,
Whilst Traytors Heads are mounted on that Hall
Where *Charles* the first did finde his final fall
By an High Court of Justice, who consent
At once to ruine King and Parliament:
Long live the King, and God (in whom his trust is)
Preserve his life from such High Courts of Justice.

On Pictures of the King and Queen.

TWo of the brightest Stars that have been seen
Shine in this glorious King and vertuous Queen,
In whose fair souls all that is good and great
In *England*, (or in *Portugal*) are met;
And may the Heirs of *Charles* and *Katharine* be
The stems of all succeeding Sovereignty.

On Pictures of the Duke and Dutchess of York.

BEhold *Yorks* Duke and Dutchess too, whose lives
Are patterns for good Husbands and chaste Wives,
Good nature and good nurture too in them
Make Love appear the greatest Diadem;

May they all ne're more ſee (as ſad beholders)
Religions head upon Rebellions ſhoulders.

A Prologue to the King, Auguſt 16. 1660.

SUre ſuch a glory ſo ſerene, ſo bright,
Started from *Chaos* when God call'd for light,
For (like that glittering birth of Beams) you do
Tranſluminate this Weſtern world from you
Our Saint, our Soul, our Sovereign, our King,
We live and grow as the Sun broods the Spring:
Then (as in Loyalty oblig'd) 'tis fit
We render part of our ſmall ſtock, our Wit
Which hath ſo long been crampt under their rage
Who durſt not ſee their actions on the ſtage,
That numb'd with a ſtupidity we fear
We ſhall aſſault the ſoftneſs of your ear;
We have been ſo perplex't with Gun and Drum,
Look to your Hats and Cloaks, the Redcoats come.
D'Ambois is routed, *Hotſpur* quits the Field,
Falſtaff's out-filch'd, all in confuſion yield;
Even Auditor and Actor, what before
Did make the *Red-Bull* laugh, now makes it roar:
We curſe the miſery in which our Trade is,
And are ſecur'd, but our magnifick Ladies
(Thinking to 'ſcape them) are torn by the Throats
And (like Wine Porters) put in Petty-coats,
Dragg'd to the *Muſe* for Plotters; but your preſence
Nullifies them, and gives us a new Eſſence,

Till

Till you came hither all was ſo forlorn
We wiſh'd we had been buried, or unborn;
All things were retrograde, the night and day
Were ſhrinking to *Prima Materia*:
We liv'd in ſuch a ſtrange diſtorted age
Men durſt not ſee their Figures on the ſtage;
But furious as the deform'd Lady was,
Who for revenge brake her own Looking-glaſs;
They crack'd our mirrour, and now none but you,
Dread Majeſty, can *Mend* or make us *New*.

A Prologue to a Play call'd The Florentine Ladies, *played in the Night by Gentlemen.*

YOu're welcome to our Ladies, and I know
Moſt courteous Gallants, Ladies will pleaſe you;
Though at this hour, or midnight, elſe I'le ſwear
Moſt of our Knights are loſt with the laſt year:
Theſe creatures are of *Florence*, and not ſcorn
To let you know they are *Italians* born;
Your Ladies, worthy Gentlemen, 'tis thought
Love things that are far fetch't and dearly bought:
Why ſhould not they who of this opinion are
Let you love Ladies that are come ſo far;
It is a queſtion, and they may miſtake
Our Ladies to be Ladies of the Lake;
Which in our Engliſh broadneſs is a Whore,
Then what are we, nay they that keep the door;
What are you too, my Maſters? ſomething 'tis
That make your Wives thus follow you to this.

A ſhrew'd ſuſpicion when our wandring Knights
Arreſt ſtrange Ladies, and ſo late at nights;
But there's no hurt, for if they pleaſe but you,
We doubt not they'l content your Ladies too.
Pray take't as 'tis, the beſt we can afford,
If we do pleaſe, why ſo. *Hab nab's* the word.

The Epilogue, on New-Years-Day at Night.

WIth the New Year theſe Marriages begin,(in,
Which will be broke e're the next year come
Unleſs your hands do give us, all our pains
In Love is loſt, if you forbid the banes:
But if you grant us Licence, and appear
Each day to ſee us thorow the whole year;
Come to our Wedding, to requite your loves,
Shew us your hands we'l fit you all with Gloves.

A Prologue to a Play of mine, call'd, Love hath found his eyes; or Diſtractions.

"Entered at Stationers, Hall June 19. 1660"

I Know ye did expect me, but for what,
To ſay we have a Play, the Bills ſhew that;
Why let's begin then, Sound—But ſome will ſay
Are there no faults in th' Actors, or the Play
To beg your patience for? Yes faith, there's ſtore,
Yet all we crave is you'l not make 'em more.
A very juſt petition, and 'tis fit
I think, we bear no more then we commit;

Yet there are ſome, wiſe judges, that do ſeek
To raiſe their laughter on what you diſſlike:
The errors of the Actors, and they be
The witty tribe of our own Quality;
Why let them laugh, they paid for't, why ſhould we
Deprive a man of that felicity,
That cannot help nor hurt us; and I pray
How e're it prove, don't call't a *Pretty Play*:
Let it be good or bad, that ſlight word pritty
Shews the Play naught, and the depraver witty.
The language is but low, and the invention
No higher then a common apprehenſion,
And (in a word) the Authours wiſh is ſuch
You'l not deſpair, nor yet expect too much.

The Epilogue ſpoken by Cupid.

I Hope theſe mutual Marriages expreſs
My opticks are reſtor'd for each diſtreſs
The Lovers once ſuppos'd they had by me,
I have converted to a Jubilee.
All's happy but my ſelf, for I poor I
That figure an eternal Deity,
Muſt quit my glorious ſupremacy
To ſtand the cenſure of mortality:
Be curteous to a God, then whoſe high laws
Commands all hearts, yet now muſt beg applauſe;
For if you cenſure me like rig'rous men,
You ſpoil the plot and ſtrike me blinde agen:

All

All our diſtractions now are out of date,
I would they were ſo too in Church and State;
That *Englands* King and People were at reſt
Without confounding eithers intereſt;
That jealouſies and fears may never more
Let loyal hearts lie weltring in their gore;
That ſo the God of Love may often view
This Iſland and preſent himſelf to you.

A Speech by the way of Epilogue to thoſe that would riſe out of the Pit at the Red-Bull *in the laſt Scene, and diſturb the Concluſion, by going on the Stage,* June 23. 1660.

PRay keep your places Gentlemen, don't riſe,
Stay and take t'other Glaſs, as *Peters* cryes,
'Tis the Cataſtrophe crowns all the ſport,
I warrant if you had places at Court
You would not part with them ſo ſoon, pray ſtay
Till Grace be ſaid, and we have took away;
You wrong your Ladies in the nick of pleaſure,
They would ſee't out, women love *London* meaſures
Pray keep your ſeats, let us be your adviſers,
You ſee (of late) what comes of early Riſers;
But if your fancy to this cuſtom tends,
Henceforth we'l ſtudy Playes that have no ends.

"Formerly there were no seats at the Red Bull. They were gradually put up about this time."

A Prologue to the Comedy call'd The Tamer tamed, *June* 24. 1660.

Enter reading of the Bill.

THe *Tamer Tam'd*, what do the Players mean?
Shall we have *Rump* and *Rebel* in the Scene?
Juncto's of *Safety* with the righteous rabble
Of *Apron-Peers*, Knights of Sir *Arthur's* Table?
Shall *Baxter*, *Hewſon*, *Scot*, and *Fox* be nam'd?
Theſe were our Tamers, but I hope they'r tam'd;
For thoſe were men, who (in their holy rage)
Did things too horrid for a civil Stage,
Unleſs our company ſhould all comply
To leave good language and ſpeak Blaſphemy.
This Play, *the Tamer tam'd*, is *Fletchers* wit,
A man that pleas'd all pallats, therefore fit
And ſee the laſt Scene out; pray do not run
Into confuſion, till the Play be done:
Should ſtrangers ſee you mix among us thus,
They would be apt to think you ſome of *Us*.
Pray keep your ſeats, you do not ſit in fear
As in the dangerous dayes of *Oliver*;
It is not now (in good time be it ſpoke)
Enter the Red-Coats, *Exit* Hat and Cloak.
But ſuch a proſp'rous change doth now attend ye,
That thoſe who did affront ye, ſhall defend ye.

The Epilogue, ſpoken by the Tamer, a Woman.

VVIth licence of my Husband, I apply
My ſelf to this honour'd ſociety,

I fear I have offended the good Laws
Of houſhold government, and given cauſe
By my example (in this wilde aſſay)
For ſome to put in practice what we play;
And 'cauſe the *Breeches* now come near the make
Of *Petty-Coats*, may willingly miſtake:
Theſe are old quarrels, and no doubt came in
When *Adam* digg'd and Madam *Eve* did ſpin.
They'r ne're the honeſter for that, the crime
Of bold Rebellion is older then Time.
The breach of truſt is old; the breach of Laws,
Murther of Kings, witneſs *the good Old Cauſe*.
But we exhibit to your Approbation,
Not the *Rebellion* but the *Reformation*.

A Prologue to introduce the firſt Woman that came to Act on the Stage in the Tragedy, call'd The Moor of Venice. "Said to have been Mrs. Norris - mother of the celebrated Dicky Norris."

I Come, unknown to any of the reſt
To tell you news, I ſaw the Lady dreſt;
The Woman playes to day, miſtake me not,
No Man in Gown, or Page in Petty-Coat;
A Woman to my knowledge, yet I cann't
(If I ſhould dye) make *Affidavit* on't.
Do you not twitter Gentlemen? I know
You will be cenſuring, do't fairly though;
'Tis poſſible a vertuous woman may
Abhor all ſorts of looſeneſs, and yet play;

Play on the Stage, where all eyes are upon her,
Shall we count that a crime *France* calls an honour?
In other Kingdoms Husbands safely trust 'um,
The difference lies onely in the custom;
And let it be our custom I advise,
I'm sure this Custom's better then th' Excise,
And may procure us custom; hearts of flint
Will melt in passion when a woman's in't.
But Gentlemen you that as judges sit
In the Star-Chamber of the house the Pit;
Have modest thoughts of her; pray do not run
To give her visits when the Play is done,
With dam me, your most humble Servant Lady,
She knows these things as well as you it may be:
Not a bit there dear Gallants, she doth know
Her own deserts, and your temptations too.
But to the point; in this reforming age
We have intents to civilize the Stage.
Our women are defective, and so siz'd
You'd think they were some of the Guard disguiz'd;
For (to speak truth) men act, that are between
Forty and fifty, Wenches of fifteen;
With bone so large, and nerve so incomplyant,
When you call *Desdemona*, enter Giant;
We shall purge every thing that is unclean,
Lascivious, scurrilous, impious or obscene;
And when we've put all things in this fair way
Barebones himself may come to see a Play.

Epi-

Epilogue.

AND how d'ye like her, come what is't ye drive at,
She's the same thing in publick as in private;
As far from being what you call a Whore,
As *Desdemona* injur'd by the Moor?
Then he that censures her in such a case
Hath a soul blacker then *Othello's* face:
But Ladies what think you, for if you tax
Her freedom with dishonour to your Sex,
She means to act no more, and this shall be
No other Play but her own Tragedy;
She will submit to none but your commands,
And take Commission onely from your hands.

A Prologue to the Poor mans Comfort.

Enter reading the Title, May 28. 1661.

THE *Poor man's comfort*, this Title some will say
Is fitter for a *Pray'r-book* then a *Play*;
And some may censure who are *Democraticks*,
The times will change, Players are turn'd *Phanaticks*;
And the *Red Bull* where sports were wont to be,
Is now a Meeting-house, would 'twere for me
A good full Meeting-house, we should not be
Contrivers of a new *Fifth-Monarchy*,
And charge up for King *Judas*: no, the very
Plain truth is this, we meet but to be merry;

Then do you judge what pitty 'tis that we
Should every day want merry company?
Surely the fault is ours, or yours, or both,
Let us consider where it lyes: in troth
You will appear most guilty I'm afraid,
'Tis a full house that makes a *Play* well play'd:
A numerous presence doth at once inspire
Actor and Auditor with mutual fire:
Therefore pray meet, come as you do to tother,
If not for us, yet to meet one another.
But let me see? what was I going to say?
O! 'tis about the Title of the Play.
The great man's Comfort is above my thought,
The Merchant's Comfort is a Ship full fraught,
The Plow man's Comfort is a Field well till'd,
Our *Poor man's Comfort* is a House well fill'd.

March 16. 1661.

An Advent to the Kings Coronation.

LEt all your hearts be fill'd with joy,
King *Charles* his *Coronation* Day
Is coming on, let every thing
That *fears God and Honours the King*,
Advance their spirits, and expres
A Royal loyal Thankfulnes:
That man that was by dangers tost
From place to place, and almost lost.
He that did 'scape an Armies stroke,
And made a Kingdom of an Oak,

The

The Royal ORPHANT that was fed
With ſorrow, and with borrow'd bread:
He whom his Subjects would confound
And crucifie, ſhall now be Crown'd.
Then let all ſouls for ſuch ſalvation.
Cry up *King Charles* his *Coronation.*

On the Day.

THe happy day (long wiſh'd by ſome)
By God's appointment, now is come,
In which our joyful eyes ſhall ſee
King Charles adorn'd with Majeſty,
And He who liv'd a life like *Job*
Shall now with Crown, Scepter, and Globe,
With peaceful ſeed aſcend his Throne,
And every man ſhall have his own:
The *Juncto*, *Oliver*, and *Rump*
That turn'd up all the *Knaves* for *Trump*,
Are totally diſſolv'd, and we
Are *Subjects* to true *Majeſty.*
Then let us all with one conſent
Pray for the good *Old Government*,
Under whoſe power we may encreaſe
In Truth and Treaſure, Eaſe and Peace;
And Children yet unborn ſhall live to ſay,
This was the happy *Coronation Day.*

After the Coronation.

THe joyful dayes are come, and we
Obtain our ancient Liberty,
Religion rules, Rebellion rots,
We sleep securely without plots;
Our Lives are safe, our Laws are free,
White-Hall's a Court of Equity.
We are secur'd from Tyrants Swords,
Malignant, and such *Canting* words
Are out of date, *Phanatick* broods
That preach't away your Lands and Goods,
Are put to silence, and we fear
No forgeries at *Westminster.*
Would you know how all this comes round,
Take't in four words, *King Charles* is *Crown'd*;
Since it is so, let every thing
Praise God, and say, *Long live the King.*

A Letany delivered, Jan. 1. 1659. *to a Friend as a New-Years Gift.*

From All, and more then I have written here,
I wish protection to you this New Year.

FRom those who for self-ends would All betray,
From those new *Saints* that pistol when they pray;
From flattering features with infernal souls,
From Reformation, such as pull'd down *Pauls*;

From

From *Church-land purchaſers*, from Town betrayers,
From Weaving Preachers, and *Extemp're Prayers*;
From blood, and ſomething elſe that I could tell ye on,
From Pulpit blaſphemy and bold Rebellion;
From new falſe Teachers which betray the old,
From thoſe that turn the Goſpel into Gold:
From that black Pack where Clubs are alwayes trump,
From bodies Politick, and from the *Rump*;
From thoſe that ruine where they ſhould repair,
From thoſe that cut off heads inſtead of hair;
From twelve moneths Taxes and abortive Votes,
From chargeable Nurſe children in Red Coats;
From ſuch as ſell their ſouls to ſave their Summs,
From City Charters that make heads for Drums;
From City *Saints* whoſe Annagram is *Stains*,
From plots, and being choak'd with our own chains;
From zeal that wants both Piety and Knowledge,
From the hot Diſputants in *Greſham Colledge*;
From Coblers which aſcend to Council Tables,
From dens of thieves, from Churches turn'd to Stables;
From theſe and ten times more like to enſue,
We humbly pray, *Good Lord deliver you.*

On a view of the Rebels Arms.

CRoſſes are crucify'd, the *Organ* which
In bright Cathedrals ſoar'd a lofty pitch,
Are now Demoliſh'd by ſuch men (ſtrange Riddle)
Who in the room ſet up the Croſs and *Fiddle.*

On Independency.

AN Independent is a Maggot bred
In fly-blown brains of Presbyterian head

On the Act againſt Cock-matches, the next ſucceeding, their putting down of Church-Marriages.

WHen Wedlock was pull'd down by powerful hand,
We might well gueſs Cock-matches would not not ſtand.

On the Jeſuite and Puritan.

THe Jeſuite and Puritan prevail
In ſpoil, like *Sampſon's* Foxes tail to tail.

Another.

THe Jeſuite and Puritan are two,
Who under the beſt names moſt miſchief do:

Repre-

Representations in Parts to be Habited, Sung, and Acted, as they have been often times with great applause performed before the Lord Major and the Sheriffs of *London*.

An Eclogue, or Representation in four Parts, composed for the Lord Major, Sir Tho. Allen, *and Sung by the City Musick,* Decemb. 18th. 1659.

The Presenters,
Love, Plenty, Truth, and Courage.

Love. MY honour'd Lord and Lady,
May that great hand that made ye
Supply this cheer
From year to year,
And may no strength degrade ye.

Truth. I

Truth. I am a bold intruder,
Which makes me ſeem the ruder;
But the City is
Much us'd to this
Since civil War ſubdu'd her.

Plenty. We are no Lance-preſadoes,
No Basket-hilt Bravadoes;
When you know our Names
You'l love our fames,
We deal not in Granadoes.

Love. We come not to invade ye,
Or ſubtly to perſwade ye;
Truth. I am *Truth* (in a word)
Plenty. I am *Plenty*, my Lord,
Love. And I am *Love* my Lady.

Chorus.

1. Let Buff-coat and Feather
2. Go drumming together:
All. We fear not the force of Invaſion.
3. The Voice and the Lute
1. Makes a better diſpute,
All. Love hath the beſt art of perſwaſion.

Plenty. But ſtay, methinks our Melody is dull,
We want a voice to fill the *Chorus* full.
Love. Truth, where is *Peace*, (*Truth*) her abſence is no wonder,
For *Peace* and *Truth* have been long time aſunder:

Where

Where is ſhe gone? we'l hawl her in with Cables.
Love. Peace ſeldom goes where Churches are made Stables.
Truth. *Peace* never comes amongſt thoſe ſad diſaſters,
Into that Land where Servants beat their Maſters:
Plenty. *Peace* ſeldom into ſuch confuſion comes
Where City Charters are made heads for Drums.
(dye for,
Love. *Peace* loves good men, that profeſs what they'l
Not ſuch as make Covenants ſtand for a Cipher.
(againſt Brother,
Truth. *Peace* ne're comes where Brother doth fight
Nor where Proteſtations drive out one another.
(true friends,
Plenty, *Peace* knows that the Sword men will ne're be
For Collonels like Coblers are awl for their ends;
She never appears, (though ſhe very much pitty)
Where a bunch of Bandoleers are the keyes of a City.
Love. When wiſdom's wanting,
Truth. And zeal is canting,
Plenty. Then rage is ranting,
All. And *Peace* lyes panting.
Chorus together.
Then blame not the words of our Tongue or our Pen,
We ſhall ne're hold our peace till we get her agen:
For *Love*, *Truth*, and *Plenty* muſt quickly decay,
As experience will tell us when *Peace* is away:
Love. But now *Peace* is gone
And hath left us alone,
What other foundation can we build upon

Truth. Let

Truth. Let courage come rule.
Plen. I fear he's too cool. (fool.
Love. If he leave *Love* and *Plenty*, and *Truth*, hee's a
Truth. Can fury out-brave him?
'Tis *Truth* that muſt ſave him;
Go call him: (*Plen.*) I can not, the *Prentices* have him.
Love. Go tell him our need,
Our Liberties bleed, (ſpeed.
And ſay that my Lord doth command him with
Plen At that word he comes. *Enter Courage.*
Courage. Boyes beat up your drums,
Are Sword-men abroad, and we picking of crums?
Have we the bold *Valour*, the *Wealth*, and the *Wit*,
And ſhall we be ſhallowly cheated of it?
Truth, *Plenty*, and *Love*, you all are well met,
In honeſter Cauſes ye ne're ventur'd yet;
We ſerve a brave Maſter, who for publick good
Will hazard his Fortune, his Fame, and his Blood:
Let *Love*, *Truth*, and *Courage*, and *Plenty* endeavour
To wait on his perſon, and ſerve him for ever.
Then let every voice like a well skill'd Muſician
Diſcover the progreſs of Pride and Ambition.

Courage.

The baſeſt condition
Is Pride and Ambition,
It rifles and ſtifles
True *Love* and *Allegiance.*
'Tis never contented
Till Time hath conſented

To

To take off and ſhake off
The bonds of *Obedience.*

Truth.

It was a ſhrew'd weed in
The Garden of *Eden*
It drew out and threw out
Poor *Eve* and her *Adam.*
'Twas one of the ſtrange ills
That caſt down the Angels
So ſteep and ſo deep
That no meaſure can fadom.

Plenty.

It is but a ſad ſort of ſinning
And ends with a terrible taſte,
It ſhews like a Saint in beginning,
But looks like a Devil at laſt.

Love.

Ambition ſtrikes every thing dumb
That dams up the way of her hope,
It often doth aim at a Kingdom,
And frequently ends in a Rope.

Chorus.

All. Then ſince bold ambition doth work ſuch diſ-(aſters,
Why ſhould we be Monſters in hope to be Maſters,
That City ſhall hold out in ſpight of all weather,
Where *Conſcience* and *Courage* are coupled together.

The Cheaters Cheated.

A Repreſentation in four parts to be Sung, Nim. Filcher, Wat, *and* Moll, *made for the Sheriffs of* London.

Enter Nim. *a Cheat at one door, and* Filcher *his fellow at the other.*

Nim. GOod morrow fellow *Filcher*,
What, do we ſink or ſwim?
Thou look'ſt ſo like a Pilcher?
Filch. Good morrow fellow *Nim*,
The Devil's in our deſtiny,
I cannot get a pluck.
Nim. No, ſurely if the Devil were in't
We ſhould have better luck.

2.

Fil. What Star is my director,
I am in ſuch a ſtate?
Nim. Nay, prethe brother *Hector*
Do not fall out with Fate;
For we are fortunes Minions,
And fight under her banner,
'Tis ſhe is Queen of all the world.
Fil. A miſchief light upon her.

3. No

3.

No money is reveal'd yet,
I wonder where it lingers?
Nim. The Souldier hath conceal'd it,
'Tis fast in iron fingers;
From whence if we could get it
By fury or by fraud:
We had as good attempt to pick
The Pocket of a *Baud*,

4.

Filch. Your roaring *Cavalier*
Who when he had the Chink,
Would bravely domineer
In diceing, drabs and drink:
Go ask him now for money
And he hath none at all,
But cryes 'tis in my Compting-house
In *Haberdashers-Hall*.

5.

Nim. Our sly Trappanning trade
Maintain'd with so much fury,
Is openly bewray'd
Both by the Judge and Jury;
For Lawyers have so many quirks,
And are such curious skanners,
That they grow cunninger then we,
And do trappan Trappanners.

6.

Fil. Our dyceing Trade is down too,
For when we do begin

By drilling wayes to draw
A yonger Brother in
The Souldier falls upon us
And proves the beſt Projector.
Nim. Faith every Red-coat now can make
A puppy of a Hector.

7.

Enter Wat, *a Weſt Countrey-man.*

Fil. Stay prethe who comes here,
Nim. A gaping Countrey Clown.
Fil. Look how the ſlave doth ſtare;
Nim. He's newly come to town.
Filch. He gazeth in the air as if
The sky were full of Rockets;
Let's fleece him. (*Nim.*) But how ſhall we get
His hands out of his pockets?

8.

Fil. Let me alone for that: I lately bought a glaſs,
Wherein all ſeveral colours may
Be ſeen that ever was,
If held up thus with both hands.
Nim. A pretty new deſign,
This trick will fetch his fingers out;
Filch. And hey then in go mine.

9. *Tune changeth.*

Wat. Our *Taunton den* is a dungeon,
And yvaith cham glad cham here,
This vamous zitty of *Lungeon*
Is worth all *Zomerzet-zhere*:

In

In Wagons, in Carts, and in Coaches
Che never did yet zee more horſe,
The Wenches do zhine like Roches,
And as proud as my fathers vore horſe.

10.

Che never zince che was able
To keep my vathers voulds,
Did ever zee ſuch a ſtable
As thick a thing called *Powls*:
A Mezle in a red Jacket
Had like to have knack me down,
Becauſe che'd undertake it
Held all the beaſt in the Town

11.

Ch'am come to zee my Lord Major,
And thick as do hang the Thieves,
Ch've forgot what vine neames they are;
(A meazle on them) the zhreeves,
They zay they wear Chains and Scarlets,
And vollow'd by many Guardiants,
Ch'ave loſt the neams of the Varlets,
A miſchief on them, the Serjeants.

12.

And now chill walk my ſtations
To every place in Town,
Che mean to buy new vaſhons,
Iche have above fifty pound;
Che took't away from vather
When he was gon a vield:

Cham come away the rather
'Cauſe ch'ave got a wench with childe.

13.

Filch. The Rainbow never knew
Such Colours as are here,
Nim. Here's Purple, Green and Blew,
Wat. Zooks what have they got there.
Good morrow Maſter, what d'ye cal't,
Filch. Good morrow good man clot.
Wat. Nay vaith vine Gallant there y'are out
My Neame is honeſt *Wat.*

Tune change. Filcher *and* Nim. *looking in the glaſs.*

14.

Fil. I'le ſhew thee ſuch a ſlight that
Thou ne're ſaw'ſt honeſt *Wat,*
Neither by day nor night yet.
Wat. Y vaith ch'ud laugh at that.
Fil. Here take this glaſs into thy hand
And hold it to thy eyes,
Thou there wilt ſee more colours than
A Dyar can deviſe.

15.

Wat. I cannot zee a colour yet,
Nim. Thou doſt not hold it high,
Wat. Che hav't, che ha't, ch'av got it now,
Nim. Ifaith and ſo have I.
Wat. Here's black, and blew, and gray, and (green,
And orange-tauny, white;
And now Ich ave loſt all agen.
Fil. In troth y'are in the right,

Picks his Pocket. Filch. *picks tother Pocket.*

16. Now

16.

Now prethe tell me honeſt *Wat*,
How do'ſt thou like my glaſs
Wat. It is the vitteſt veat yvaith
That e're was brought to paſs
And if that thou wilt ſpare it
Chill give thee money down.
Fil. I will have nothing for it — *wat* *feels in's pocket.*
Chill give thee half a Crown.

17.

Yvaith cham very willing.
Nim. You ſhall not do it now,
To give thee vour zhilling,
Filch. 'Tis more then you can do. *Aſide.*
Nim. Farewel good *Wat*, thou ſhalt not pay,
Good morrow Gentlemen;
Wat. Chill get me gone vor vear that they
Zhould get my glaſs agen. *Exit* Wat.

18. *Tune change.*

Fil. Quick let us ſhare
For fear of apprehenſion.
Nim. *Guſman* could ne're
Compare with this invention.
Fil. That ruſtick Clown
Hath brought a happy harveſt.
Nim. Lay your Money down.
Fil. My purſe is at your ſervice
Crown for Crown.

19.

Nim. Open the Purſe,
Our Ship of Fortune ſail's in't. *Open it.*
Fil. Oh heavy curſe
It hath nothing but nails in't.
Nim. Ne're men till now
Were gull'd by ſuch a Coſtard;
Fil. If we meet I vow
Wee'l bang the bacon baſtard
black and blew.

20. *Open the other.*

Unlock that font
Let's enter by degrees in't.
Nim. A pox upon't,
There's nought but bread and cheeſe in't.
Fil. Come let's depart
And drink a Saxon Rumkin.
Nim. I am vext at heart,
But if I ſpare the *Bomkin*,
Hang me for't. *Exeunt.*

Enter Mol Medlar Sola, *with a Basket.*

Tune changeth.

Souldiers fight and Hectors rant on
Whilſt poor Wenches go to rack,
Who would be a wicked wanton
Onely for Suppers, Songs, and Sack,
To endure the alteration
Of theſe times that are ſo dead;

Thus

Thus to lead a long vacation
Without Money, Beer, or Bread.

22.

Farewel *Bloomsberry* and *Sodom*,
Lukeners-lane and *Turnbull-ſtreet*,
Woe was me when firſt I trod 'em
With my wilde unwary feet.
I was bred a Gentlewoman,
But our family did fall
When the Gentry's coin grew common,
And the Souldiers ſhar'd it all.

23.

I was ſure unto a Hector
Who hath baſely broke his vow,
Would I had a good projector
That would well ſupport me now.
Who comes here? what ſimple Thumkin, *Ent.* Wat.
Oh! I gueſs him by his coat,
This is ſure ſome Countrey Bumkin,
Now 'tis time to change my note.

24. *Tune changeth, ſhe ſingeth and danceth.*

I can dance, and I can ſing
I am good at either,
And I can do the tother thing
When we get together.

25.

I have lately loſt my dear,
'Twas a holy Brother;
If he do not meet me here
I faith I'le get another.

26.

I can nimbly come above,
I can tumble under,
And If I do but like my *Love*,
Wat. What *Vary's* that is yonder?

27.

'Tis a dainty dancing Girle,
Zhee would make me gladder,
Her vace doth zyne like mother of Pearl,
chould chuſe no more and chad her.

28.

Mol. A Dutch-man loves his Pipe and Can,
A Jew doth like a Turk well,
But I could hug a *Countrey-Man*,
For he will do his work well.

29.

Citizens are full of ſlight,
They will cog and flatter;
But a Countrey-man will do me right.
Wat. Che long now to be at her.

30.

Good morrow Miſtris Trip and goe,
Mol. My *Countrey-man* I take it,
I love you Sir, *(Wat)* Chill love thee to,
And vayth chil veze thy Jacket.

31.

Mol. What's thy name, come tell me that
Thou ſhalt be my Jewel?
Wat. Why zom vorzooth do call me *Wat*,
But my neame is *Water-Gruel*.

32.

Prethe zay, and ben't avrayd,
Art not thou a Pedlar?
Mol. I live cloſe by in Tickle Yard,
My name is *Mary Medlar.*

33.

Wat. Then zweet *Mol* come buſs thy *Wat*,
Let us twain be merry:
Mol. I could nimbly dance, but that
My Basket makes me weary.
Wat. Give it me, chill dance a Spring,
Che have no veaver Lurden? *He takes*
Mol. If thou wilt dance, then I will ſing, *her Bas-*
And thou ſhalt bear the Burden. *ket.*

35.

Wat. A match, a match, it's well a vine, *Both dance*
We both zhall make ſome ztuff on't. *to their*
Mol. Unleſs thy feet keep pace with mine *own ſing-*
Thoul't quickly have ynough on't. *ing.*

36.

Wat. Well don *Moll*, (*Moll*) 'tis well done *Wat*,
Wat. Chill do it to a tittle,
Mol. But I have too much ſtrain'd my throat,
I prethe ſing a little, *She doth*

37. *dance off.*

Wat. Fa la la la liera lo
This is pretty prancing,
We will go to Tickle Yard
When we have done dancing.

38. Now

38.

Now che think ch'av vetcht it up
Zing a little *Mary*,
We will gulge a merry zup,
Zhuggar and *Canary*.

39.

Thou doſt dance and make no noiſe
Zhall I turn and kiſs thee?
Prethe let me hear thy voice.
Hoop where the Devil is ſhe?

Turns about and miſſeth her.

40.

Zhe hath left me all alone
Here to mum and mask it,
But yvaith if zhe be gon
Ich chill keep her Basket.

41.

Here's good vortune come to me
In a merry minuit,
Now chill puttne down and zee
What zhee have gotten in it.

42.

Oh! wo, wo, what zhall chee do,
Che con no know which way to go
With thick whore here and her vyne zong,
Che have a bore her burden too long;
Che may curſe the occaſion that e're che came here,
Would che were agen in *Zomerzet-zhere*.

Tune changeth, he ſets down the Basket and looks in it.

43.

O! Lungeon Ich cham undone
Ch'ave a brungeon a daughter or a zon,

Pulls a Childe out of the Basket.

Thick

Thick a jewel hath me beguil'd,
Water Gruel muſt now veed the childe,
Ich chud never be zorry, but vind it a place
If che had now but good ſtore of Larzhant;
It looks Tory rory, and zmells zo of Mace,
That a zure it was got by zome zarzhant. *Huſhes it,*

44. *carries it*

Goodman zhreeve ze, look on the vace *to the men,*
Vor a believe me it may be your own caſe, *then to the*
Honeſt vree men Ich cham baſely begeld, *women.*
Good a woman hold but the cheld,
Chil but ſtep here hard by, 'tis but home to *Taunden,*
And chill bring ye zom gold in a Casket,
Thick all are hard hearted both women and men,
Che muſt march with my youth in a Basket, *Puts it in*

agen to the

45. *Basket*

and Exit.

Enter Filcher *and* Nim. *Tune change.*

Fil. We ſhall ne're have lucky minuit,
None of our deſigns will hit;
Nim. Some ill Planet ſure is in it,
Fortune makes a fool of wit:
All our feats
Are ſimple cheats,
And deſtiny will have it ſo.
Fil. There's nothing hits
But with thoſe wits
That cheat *Cum Privilegio.*

The

Nim. The holy drum
And godly gun
Are now the onely Engines that
Make Pimp and Whore
And Hector poor,
And wise men do they know not what.

46.

Fil. All our joyful dayes do leave us,
Nim. Never were such times as these,
Fil. Every Bumkin can deceive us (cheese.
Nim. With hob-nails (*Fil.*) and with bread and
Nil. Though we mist it
He confest it
That he brought up fifty pound,
Nim. Where he did it
How he hid it.
Is the plot that may be found.
Filch. If we meet him
We will fit him.
Nim. Hark! here one coming in
Very pleasant *They retreat to*
'Tis the Peasant *several corners.*
Filch. Now let's to our guards agen.

Tune changeth

Enter Wat *with a little Trunck on a stick hanging at his back.*

47.

Now farawel Lungeon Iche may zing,
Chill no more here until the next spring,

Chave

Chave put in ſecurity vor the thing,
Which no body can deny.

48.

Che did a veat in *Somerzet-Zhere*
Which vorſt me at virſt to zee vaſhons here,
Ich cham out of the vrying pan into the vere,
Che either muſt burn or vrye.

49.

In pluſh and in zatten a vynely wrought,
Ich chave laid out forty pound every groat.
Fil. I want a ſilk Waſtcoat,(*Nim.*)I lack a pluſh Coat,
Wat. Ch' have puttne all in the Trunk.

50.

Here's zilk and gold,and zilver ſtrings, { *Fil. comes alone to* Wat.
Here's Gloves, ſilk Hozen, Points, and Rings.
Fil. Stand (*Wat.*) what are you (*Fil.*) Lay down your things.
Why zure the Meazle is drunk.

51.

What would ye do to a poor Countrey man,
Nim. Firſt lay down your Trunk, you ſhall know more anon:
Wat. And a very vine way to have my Trunk gone:
Filch. Do ſo or I'le knock thee down.

52.

Wat. Nay vaith good man Gentle ſince ch' have zeen (it man
Chill lay it down there, and if che can win it
Thou zhalt have my Trunk and all that is init:
'Twill coſt above vorty pound.

53. *Fil.*

53.

Fil. I'l have as much blood as thy heart can afford. *Filch. draws and fights.*

Wat. Thou cowardly knave, wilt thou vight with a zword;
But since 'tis but one, Ich che care not a Twoord,
And what do you think of another. *Nim. draws.*

54.

Nim. This Rapier I thorow thy body will run,

Wat. Ud zooks there's no vighting with two agen one, *Exit. Wat.*
Ich che rather will truſt to my legs and be gon.

Fil. Why now gramercy brother.

55.

Nim. The raſcal already is run out of ſight,

Fil. His hands are vile heavy. (*Nim.*) His legs are as light,
The Pluſh for a Jacket, I claim as my right,

Fil. Which really I deny.
For was it not I that prov'd the Projector. (tector,

Nim. But if this good ſword had not been your Pro-
The clown would have made you a pittiful Hector,
And beaten you. (*Fil.*) Sirra ye lye.

57.

My force hath been try'd againſt Caſtles and Towers,
The prize as it lies is equally ours,
Let victory make it out mine or yours,

Nim. I grant it with all my heart. *They fight, Enter* Moll.

58. What

58.

Mol. What mad men are theſe! pray what do you mean,
I never did ſee ſuch a ſorrowful ſcene;
Nay ſweet Mr. *Filcher* (*Fi.*) ſtand further ye Quean,
I'le make the proud Raſcal ſmart.

59.

Mol. You alwayes were friends, what makes ye fall out?
Pray tell me true, what is the quarrel about;
Nim. This duel will ſuddenly end all the doubt:
Mol. I'le ſuffer between your ſwords. *They make paſſes.*

60.

E're ſuch a kind couple of Hectors as yee Moll *is between.*
Shall ſquabble and quarrel for *Paddington-tree.*
Jack Filcher, *Tom Nim*, be counſel'd by me,
Deliver your Cauſe in words,

61.

You know that the Law againſt Duels is high:
Nim. That *Rodomontado* there gave me the lye.
Mol. Pray do but conſider that *Tyburn* is nigh;
Nim. That very word cools my wrath.

62.

For my own part I onely would live by my Trade,
Fil. The Bargain betwixt us muſt end by the blade;
Mol. Pray let me but know the conditions ye made,
I'le judge it between ye both.

63.

Fil. I'le tell you then how the quarrel did ri
This fellow and I have took a rich prize,;

Nim. And now he denies me my ſhare in't. (*Fil.*) he lies,
We agreed that the ſword ſhould decide it.

64

This Trunk is well furniſhed as e're it can hold,
With ſilk and with velvet, with ſilver and gold.
Mol. Turn't all into money, and when it is ſold,
You equally may divide it.

65.

But firſt what aſſurance have you when you win it,
'Tis worth all this danger (*Nim.*) We yet have not ſeen
Why then let us open't and ſee what is in it,
That ev'ry thing may be ſhown.

66.

Nim. A match, let her break the Trunk open and ſee.
Mol. It may be by this means you'l ſooner agree.
Fil. Faith open't or ſhut it 'tis all one to me,
I vow I'le have all or none. } Mol *opens*

67. } *The trunk.*

Mol. Then look on your bargain, you both are be-
guil'd, Mol *takes*
Pray tell me if this be the velvet three pil'd, *out the*
Is this figur'd ſatten? (*Nim.*) I vow 'tis a child. *childe.*
You ſwore you'd have all or none.

68.

Fil. I'le ſtand to my bargain, for I *will* have none.
Nim. What? can you ſo ſuddenly alter your tone.
[illegible] kiſs it and love it, for faith 'tis your own,
[illegible]mber when we were alone.

69.

[illegible] pretty Babe I have ſhed many ſhowers,

And

And ſuffer'd a thouſand diſconſolate hours,
As ſure as 'tis mine, I'm certain its yours,
I never knew Man but you.

70.

Fil. Theſe Projects to me are Riddles and Charms,
How came the child hither? (*Mol.*) For fear of worſe harms,
I left it even now in a Countreymans's arms,
A fellow that I never knew.

71.

'Twas left to be loſt though the plot would not hit,
I never could ſee you to tell you of it,
A Countrey-man brought it. (*Fil.*) A pox of his wit,
I would I were rid of my life.

72.

Mol. Before I knew *Filcher*, I was a pure Maid,
Pray do but Remember the Contract we made;
You ſaid you would wed me, and live by your trade.
Fil. I'le preſently make thee My Wife.

73.

Mol. For all the worlds wealth I will ne're be a whore.
Fil. I'le purchaſe new Credit upon an old ſcore.
Nim. Ile deal in theſe damnable courſes no more.
All. We every one will mend.

74.

Fil. I never will quarrel, or ſwagger and roar,
Nim. Then make the poor *Simpletons* pay all the ſcore.
Mol. I never will do as I have done before.
All. We every one will mend.

Exeunt.

Enter Wat Solus.

75. *Tune change.*

Ch' have overcome my voes,
And *Watty* now is vree;
It is no zin to couzen thoſe,
That would have cheated me:

76.

Had che but met with one,
Che had not been o'remaſter'd;
Ich che wonder what they thought upon,
when they did vind the Baſtard.

77.

Did ever vellow vinde
Zuch zimple zots as theſe,
To leave my fifty pounds behinde,
And ſteal my Bread and Cheeſe:

78.

Theiſe zitty theeves are fool'd,
That meant to do me hurt,
The Meazles could not vind my gold,
che knittne in my zhurt;

79.

Ich che cannot chuſe but zmile,
That men who can talk lattin,
Zhould be zuch fools to take a Child
Vor velvet, zilk, and zatten:

80.

But Pride will have a vall,
The Proverb zaith as much;

Now

Now how do you my Meaſters all,
Ich cham com to laugh a touch.

81.

God bleſs my Lady Zhreeve,
And all that noble pack;
Ch'am almoſt dead with grief,
Che want a cup a zack.

82.

God zave my meaſter too,
And zend him to live long;
Vayth now ch'a nothing elſe to do,
Chill zing a merry zong.

A Song on the twelve Companies.

83.

THe other day among many papers,
Che vown'd a vine zong of the Merchants and Drapers. (ners,
The Grocers, the Goldſmiths, the Taylors and Skin-
And many zuch vinical zinners.

1 *Mercers.* 84.

The *Mercer* virſt a vine dapper blade is,
He zells yee zoft zattin, and very well paid is;
He makes his Commodity cover the Ladies,
Zo zoft and zweet his Trade is.

2. *Grocers.* 85.

The *Grocer* layes his zhuggered baits,
He loves to have his zhip zail in the Straits;
He deals for ſweet Almonds, Prunello's, and Dates,
With Ladies as light as his weights.

3. *Drapers.* 86.

The *Drapers* next in my fancy doth hover.
It is the beſt Trade betwixt *Barwick* and *Dover*;
But when his zhort Yard the women diſcover,
They will have a handful over.

4. *Fiſhmongers.* 87.

And now have at the *Fiſhmongers* jacket,
It proves a good trade as the Taverns do make it:
But of all the viſh in the zea chil undertake it,
He'd rather have a virgin naked.

5. *Goldſmiths.* 88.

The *Goldſmiths* ſtall will make me to ſtop,
For *Goldſmiths-Hall* hath been a great prop;
Of all the rich myſteries this is the top,
The Tower was a *Goldſmith's* zhop.

6. *Merchant-Taylors.* 89.

The *Merchant-Taylors* may not be outed,
His Calling hath been e're zince *Adam* was routed:
A zuit makes a Gallants wealth not to be doubted,
That is but a Beggar without it.

7. *Skinners.* 90.

The *Skinners* hate Ich che muſt not incurr,
He covers the Corps of your Worſhipful Zur,
And cleaves to your Aldermans back like a bur,
Whoſe lineing is Voxes vur.

8. *Haberdaſhers.* 91.

Your *Haberdaſhers* Art che may call,
The onely fine trade that doth cover us all;
But woe to the *Cavalier* that did vall
Into *Haberdaſhers-Hall.*

9. *Saiters.*

9. *Salters.* 92.

The *Zalters* trade we zhall not omit,
The *Scholars* zay Zalt is an Emblem of Wit;
But vaith I believe they love a vreſh bit,
When *Mutton* and *Capers* meet.

10. *Iron-mongers.* 93.

The fame of *Iron-mongers* do ring,
The ſtrength of the Mettle can conquer a King;
The *Helmet*, *Musket*, and *Gauntlet* can bring
A *Scepter* out of a *Sling*.

11. *Vintners.* 94.

The *Vintner's* Art but vew men do know,
Vor it is a zience too zuttle to zhow;
The Devil and he a Conjuring go,
When both are a brewing below.

12. *Cloth-workers.* 95.

The *Cloth-workers* trade is a very vine thing,
And of all the Trades may be counted the King;
But yet he will merrily tipple and zing,
'Till his wits go a Wool-gathering.

96.

And now Ic che hope no Tradeſman will take
Exzeptions at me vor my merriment ſake; (nieſt,
Their Trades are all good, but the *Vintner's* the bon-
God bleſs them and make them all honeſt.

97.

Ic che now will go home to *Zomerzetzheere*,
And tell all the Countrey what vine things are here;
Chil jog to my *Jug*, and zee what God hath zent her,
And chil come here agen next Winter.

End of the Repreſentations.

Acroſtichs,
Annagrams,
Epigrams,
Elegies,
AND
Epitaphs.

Acroſtichs.

An Acroſtich on Mrs. Heſter Noy.

H ow much I am obliged to your worth,
E ach faculty I have cannot ſet forth;
S ure I ſhall dye in debt, unleſs you pleaſe
T o binde me more by granting a Releaſe:
E xcellent Lady, may the Powers above
R eward you with thoſe joyes which Angels love.

N othing that hath affinity with ill
O ppoſe your underſtanding or your will,
Y our Vertues, which ſo copiouſly extend,
E ternity can onely comprehend.

A double Acroſtich on Mrs. Suſanna Blunt.

S weet S oul of goodneſs, in whoſe Saint-like breſt
V irtue V ows dwelling to make Beauty bleſt;
S ure S ighing *Citherea* ſits, your Eyes
A re A ltars whereon ſhe might ſacrifice:
N ow N one will of the Paphean Order be,
Natur's N ew work tranſcends a Deity;
A rabia's A romaticks court your ſcent,
B right B eauty makes your Gazers eloquent;
L et L ittle *Cupid* his loſt eyes obtain,
Vail'd, V iewing you, would ſtrike him blind again.
N ay, N ever think I flatter, If you be
T hus T o none elſe, by Love, you are to Me.

An

An Acroſtick on two pairs of inſeparable Friends who were Married in one Day.
A four-fold Acroſtick.

I Love Joyn theſe Pairs, and May each (Bride
Obtain A guard of Angels for A Guide. (nion,
Heaven, Nature, Vertue, Reaſon in commu-
Nobilitate Enrich, and Love Your union:
(be
Grace Faith and Knowledge Bind ye, may you
Each Others bliſs, No evil Injure ye.
Let nothing Re-divide; Eternal Reſt,
Love, Dwell and Laſt in each Diviner Breſt.

A croſs Acroſtick on two Croſt Lovers.

Though croſt in our Affections, ſtill the flames
Of Honour ſhall ſecure our noble Names;
Nor ſhall Our fate divorce our faith, Or cauſe
The leaſt Miſlike of love's Diviner lawes.
Croſſes ſomtimes Are cures, Now let us prove,
That no ſtrength Shall Abate the power of love:
Honour, Wit, Beauty, Riches wiſe men call,
Frail Fortune's Badges, In true love lies all.
Therfore to him we Yield, our Vowes ſhall be
Paid, —— Read and written in Eternity:
That All may know when men grant no Redreſs,
Much love can ſweeten the unhappineſS.

An

An Epithalamium in a double Acroſtick, written on the noble Names and ſacred Nuptials of the worthily honoured EWDWARD MARROW *Eſquire, and the moſt truly vertuous Mrs.* ANNE GRANTHAM.

E minent Pair! what ever *Sidney* ſaw
in *Argalus* and his *PARTHENI* A
D oth figure out your Excellence; how then
ſhall I depict ye with ſo poor a Pen N
W hat powers ſhall I implore? *Apollo*'s gon,
for whom my Muſe lies drench'd in *Helico* N
A rts are malignant, Poems out of date,
the Lay-man calls Learning a Reprobat B
R eaſon is baniſh'd, and what e're did ſpring
from thoſe fair banks where peace was flouriſhin G
D ivineſt pair, whoſe bright perfections are
more luminary then the morning Star R
M ay all the pleaſures *Phœbus* ever ſaw
in *Europe*, *Aſia*, or *AMERIC* A
A ttend your genial joyes; what Nature can
contribute to the excellence of ma N
R edouble your felicity; may night
and day contend which ſhall yield moſt deligh T
R iches and honour, vertue (the beſt wealth)
beauty, with all the circumſtance of healt H
O bey your wiſh: and he that will not pray
as I have done, is Love's Anathem A
W arre never fright ye, whereſoe're you come
may bright *Apollo*'s harp drown *Mars* his dru M

Intem-

Intemperance.

A Fancy upon Words.

HE that's devoted to the —GLASS,
The Dice or a laſcivious —LASS,
At his own price is made an —ASS.

He that is greedy of the —GRAPE,
On *Reaſon* doth commit a —RAPE,
And changeth habit with an —APE.

The Lover whoſe Devotion —FLIES
Up to the Sphere where Beauty —LIES,
Makes Burning-glaſſes of his —EIES.

If long he to that Idol —PRAY,
His ſight, by Love's inflaming —RAY,
Is loſt for ever and for —AY.

An Epitaph in a double Acroſtich, compoſed and fixed on the Stone of Mrs. Joane Ward.

In this plain piece of humble earth lyes one
Whom no unworthy feet ſhould tread upon,
One whoſe chaſte life did very much improve
A Daughters duty and a Siſters love;
Almighty God was ſtill her Contemplation,
Religion was her daily recreation:
Nothing came in her maiden thoughts that cou'd
Defile the fountain of her Virgin bloud;
Eternal joyes contain her now, let's then
Mourn all until we meet with her agen.

Anna-

ANNAGRAMS.

CHARLES STUART:

Annagram,

AS CLEER AS TRUTH.

Expoſition.

CHARLES STUART makes it out in age and youth,
His Name and Nature are as CLEER AS TRUTH.

CHARLES STUART:

Annagr.

CALS TRU HEARTS.

Expo.

What man who either doth love Arms or Arts,
That goes not when *Charles Stuart, calls true hearts.*

PARLIAMENT:

Annagr.

I TRAP AL MEN.

Expo.

When the Long Parliament was ſitting, then
This Annagram was right, I TRAP AL MEN.

OLIVER CROMWELL:

Annagr.

RULE WELL OR I COM.

Expo.

RULE WELL OR I COM cry'd the red nos'd Jew,
'Tis juſt (ſince you trap all men) I trap you.

ROUND-HEADS:

Annagr.

HEAVENS ROD.

Expo.

When Cavaliers by ſin offended God,
The bloody Round-heads were made HEAVEN'S (ROD.

TEACHERS:

Annagram.

CHEATERS.

SAINTS:

An.

STAINS.

Ex.

When Hereſie creeps into factious Brains,
TEACHERS are CHEATERS, and ſuch SAINTS are STAINS.

MINISTER:

An.

MENTIRIS.

Ex.

When Presbyter inflam'd with a falſe fire is,
A man may tell him, MINISTER, MENTIRIS.

LOSTE:

An.

STOLE.

Ex.

This Annagram myſterious ſenſe may boaſt,
For what is STOLE is found in what was LOSTE.

TOAST:

An.

A SOTT.

Ex.

A TOAST is like A SOTT, or what is moſt,
Comparative, *A Sott* is like a *Toaſt*;
For when their ſubſtances in liquor ſink,
Both properly are ſaid to be in Drink.

End of the Annagrams.

Epigrams.

1. *Epigram.*

A Knight and's Man, both being at an Inn,
The Knight having well eaten, did begin
To ſay to's Servant, *John* I have ſupt well,
Have our horſe done ſo too? I cannot tell,
Replied the Man, for ought I know they may,
I'm ſure I ſaw the Oaſtler *take away.*

2. *Epigr.*

One ſaid *Pauls* Church lookt with the Steeple on it.
Juſt like a Trunk with a hat-caſe upon it;
No, quoth another, 'tis not like't at all,
Ile tell you what 'tis like, *'tis like to fall.*

3. *Epigr.*

Sim ſeeing *Harry* have a broken head,
Askt *againſt* what he broke it; *Harry* ſaid,
Againſt a thing that often doth me ill,
To tell you true, I broke't *againſt my will.*

4. *Epigr.*

Three Scholars having barely din'd, and growing
A little wanton after it; were throwing
Their bones at one another, a fourth Man,
Who had with plenty dined himſelf, began
To tell them that their ſport was very dull,
Which did declare their bellies were not full,
And in a word his meaning thus expreſt,
If they were full, your bones would be at reſt.

5. *Epigr.*

5. *Epigram.*

A Knave and Whore of modeſty bereft,
Being at that Sport which will ne're be left,
Againſt a *Gate*, in a place very wide,
Was queſtion'd of a friend, by whom they were 'ſpi'd,
Why he would deal with ſuch a dirty Slut
In a wide field, againſt a Gate too? but
The other made reply, pray do not prate,
The *Slut* is good enough to *prop-a-gate*.

6. *Epigr.*

A *Serjeant* ſitting at the *Compter-gate*,
Fell faſt aſleep, which made another ſtrait
Grow ſomething witty, and to break a jeaſt,
This fellow, ſayes he, ſure hath none to arreſt;
And, in meer ſpightfulneſs, this envious Elf
(The Serjeant) is *Arreſting of himſelf*.

7. *Epigr.*

On Mr. Garrat, *and Mr.* Chambers.

Garrat and his Friend *Chambers*, having done
Their City buſineſs, went to *Padington*,
And coming near that fatal place where men
(I mean Offenders) ne're return agen;
Looking on *Tyburn* in a merriment,
Quoth *Chambers*, here's a pretty Tenement,
Had it a *Garrat*: *Garrat* hearing that,
Reply'd, Friend *Chambers*, I do wonder at
Your ſimple cenſure, you prate like a Parrat,
There muſt be *Chambers* e're there be a *Garrat*.

8. *Epi-*

8. *Epigram.*

On a Lady whose name was Mrs. Brown.

We praise the *fair*, and our Inventions wrack,
In pleasing Sonnets to applaud the *Black*;
We court this Ladies *Eye*, that Mistress *Hair*,
The fair love black, the *black* affect the *fair*;
Yet neither sort I court, I doat upon
Nor *fair* nor *black*, but a complexion
More rare then either, she that is the Crown
Of my intire affection is *Brown*.
And yet she's *fair*, 'tis strange, how can it be,
That two Complexions can in one agree;
Do I love *Brown*, my *Love* can please my eye,
And sate my narrowest Curiosity:
If I like *fair*, she hath so sweet a grace,
A man might leave an *Angel* for her face.
Let any judge then which Complexion's rarest,
In my opinion she is *Brown* that's *fairest*.

9. *Epigram.*

On a little Gentleman, and Mr. Story *a tall man.*

This little Blade (by th'other mans vain glory
It seems was roughly us'd, (so sayes the *Story*)
But being strongly heated, and high flown,
In rage he flies on *Story*, pulls him down:
But when they ris, I know not how it fated,
One got the worst, the *Story* was translated

From *white* to *red*, but e're the fight was ended,
It ſeems one, whom the *little man* befriended,
Came in and parted them; the *little Blade*
There's no man could intreat, nor yet perſwade,
But he would fight ſtill, till another came,
And with perſwaſions counſell'd 'gainſt the ſame,
'Twas in this manner, *Friend, you ſhall not fight*
With one that's ſo unequal to your height.
Story is *tall*; the other made reply,
I'de pluck him down, were he three Stories high.

10. *Epigram.*
On May-poles.

Hypocrites are like thoſe May-poles they mock,
Rootleſs and *fruitleſs*, with a *Weathercock.*

11. *Epigram.*
On a red noſed Parſon.

A jolly *Parſon* of a comely grace,
Who partly carried his hot zeal in's face,
Being at's *Inn*, and ſitting by the fire,
A pipe of good Tobacco doth require;
The boy ſtraight brings it him, and to his hand
Commits it with a kindled fire-brand;
But as he was at lighting on't, ſome ſmall
Sparks from the coal upon his hand did fall:
The witty boy perceiving theſe miſhaps,
Cryes, *Mr. Parſon, hold Sir, your noſe drops.*

12. *Epigram.*

There was a time a difference began
Betwixt a Welchman and an Engliſh man,
Each praiſing of his Countrey, did expreſs
How much they did abound in fruitfulneſs;
The *Engliſhman* did tell the *Welchman*, that
There was a piece of ground he had been at,
In *Yorkſhire*, which ſo fruitful was of graſs,
That when a ſtaff was thrown into't, it was
In one nights time ſo overgrown, they could
Not ſee't next day: The Welchman cryes out, hold,
That was not worth the praiſing, *In our Land*,
Quoth *Taffie*, I would have you underſtand,
We have ſuch graſs, that turn your horſe i'th' ground,
And before morning come, he ſha'nt be found.

End of the Epigrams.

Elegies and Epitaphs of two ſorts, woful and witty.

An Elegy and Epitaph compoſed acroſtichally on two names occaſioned by the Death of Mrs. MARY KETTLE, *Wife to Mr.* HUMPHREY KETTLE *of* Hollow-way *beyond* Iſlington; *ſhe dyed in Childe-bed.*

H ang all the Rooms with Black, let none appear
U nleſs he can diſſolve into a tear,
M odeſty, Loyalty, and Love are all
P ut in this Coffin, 'tis their Funeral
H eaven hath took more good then 'twill (I fear)
R eturn the world again theſe hundred year:
E very Grace that makes a happy life
Y ou might have found in this dead vertuous Wife.

K nowledge and true Humility were met
E xactly in this curious Cabinet;
T ruth was her guide, for ſhe (wee'l boldly ſay)
T ravell'd from *Hollow-way* the *Holy way*:
L et all therefore that wiſh their own ſouls ſafe
E ndeavour to deſerve her Epitaph.

The Epitaph on her Name.

M ourn good Reader, here lies one
A s chaſte in life as this cold ſtone;
R eligion, Grace, and ſo much good
Y et ne're dwelt in fleſh and blood.

K inde as Saints, no ſweeter Bride
E ver bleſt a Husband's ſide,
T hat in Childe-bed ſheet was driven
T o be truly Church't in Heaven,
L ed by Angels, where the King
E ternal Crowns the Goſſipping.

An Elegy and Epitaph on the Death of William Barckley, *Eſquire, one of the Aldermen of the City of* London.

STay and releaſe my wonder you that can
Reſolve what may compleat a perfect man,
So abſolute that future times may well
Admire at, but ſhall never parallel;
Let him be wiſe, and learn'd, his better part
Be richly furniſh'd with tranſcendent Art;
Let nature be his friend, and in his minde
Let Vertues choice endowments be refin'd:
He will come ſhort of him, whoſe body lies
At this time floating in his Mourners eyes;

For in this Monument is one in whom
Faith, Hope, and Charity took up their room:
One who hath gather'd Vertues ſince his Birth,
Enough to crown a man in Heaven and Earth;
When Acts of Equity were in his truſt
He ever was both merciful and juſt:
The Poor he pittied, but his ſoul was ne're
To wicked greatneſs an Idolater;
He had indeed a heart which the worſt times
Could never tempt to profitable Crimes,
His thoughts were pure, his actions free, his ſtore
Was made a good Exchequer for the Poor:
Though Envy oft on Envy doth attend,
He forced *Envy's* ſelf to be his friend.
Forbear more words(my fant'ſie)thou'rt too weak,
Great griefs are ſilent when ſmall ſorrows ſpeak;
Although his body ſleep till the day come
That ſhall unite him to his ancient home;
His ſoul is mounted on Seraphick Wings,
Unto the Manſion of *the King of Kings*.

The Epitaph.

Weep Reader, weep, for if we ſee
Thy Fountains dry, no man will be
Perſwaded to relent for thee.

In this Monumental clay
Lies pious duſt till it obey
The Summons of the latter day.

You

You that ranſack Earth and Skyes
For all worth which good men prize,
Look no further, *Here it lies.*

But (to ſum up all in brief)
He whoſe eyes are void of grief
Hath a heart without belief.

He whoſe ſoul doth not deſire
To weep before it do retire
Would laugh were all the world on fire.

An Epitaph on a Childe.

Ladies that are young and wiſe
Shall I tell you of a prize,
Here a box of beauty lies.

A Jewel hid from vulgar view,
Whoſe excellency if you knew,
Your eyes would drop like morning dew.

Dame Nature's Diamond which when
She ſaw it was too high for men,
Shew'd it, and ſhut it up agen.

An Epitaph ſuppoſed to be written by A Gentleman on himſelf, who dyed of a Diſeaſe, called by the name of a Bad Wife.

Nay tread and ſpare not Paſſenger,
My ſence is now paſt feeling,
Who to my grave a wound did bear
Within, paſt Phyſicks healing.

But do not (if thou be to wed)
To read my ſtory tarry,
Leſt thou creep into my cold bed
rather then live to marry.

For a long ſtrife with a leud wife
Worſt of all ill beſide,
Made me grow weary of my life,
So I fell ſick and dyed.

An Epitaph on Mr. John Kirk, *Merchant.*

Reader, within this Dormitory lyes
The wet *Memento* of a Widows Eyes,
A *Kirk*, though not of *Scotland*, one in whom
Loyalty liv'd, and *Faction* found no room.
No *Conventicle-Chriſtian*, but he dy'd
A *Kirk of England* by the Mothers ſide:
In brief, (to let you know what you have loſt,
Kirk was a *Temple of the Holy Ghoſt.*

An end of the Elegies and Epitaphs.

A Canting Rogue Parallel'd with a Phanatick.

IS the worlds running Ulcer, an unfix't
Piece of mortality, begot betwixt
A *Tinker* and his *Doxy* in a *Den*
Of Filchers, which they call the *bowzing ken*:
Nurs'd by a maunding Mort, whoſe Mother tongue
Directs him firſt the way to *Nipp a Bung*,
And *mill* the *lower* from him whoſe gazing eyes
Are fix'd upon *London*'s varieties,
That the ſad Countrey man is forc'd to ſcore
At's lodging, till he be ſuppli'd with more,
Whilſt the impatient Lawyer makes a pauſe,
Pernicious enough to ſpoil his Cauſe:
Nor can the ableſt Councel tell him when,
Or by what trick to gain his purſe agen.
Thus is poor *Colter* poiſon'd with a drench,
Made of Law Latin, and low Pedlers French.
A Language which admits no derivation
But is intire and had its generation,
Without diſpute, from *Babel Tower's concluſion*,
For it is us'd in nothing but confuſion,
As *Prigging Prancers, Tipping Nab's*, and ſuch
Phraſes as make the ſlovenly Low Dutch
A polite Dialect; he is one whoſe bane
Doth much participate with that of *Cain*,
The Brother-killing Preſident, whoſe fate
Gives him the title of a Runnagate;

His

His body is his land, and every louſe
Upon't, are Cattle, the next hedge, his houſe;
He pretends Palmeſtry, and as he paſſes,
Through Villages, the gameſome Countrey Laſſes
Do get about him, and do much importune
The Rogue with meat, to tell them a good fortune;
Or elſe they'l give him nothing, and (to eaſe 'em
In their deſires) the *Knave* knows how to pleaſe 'em;
He and the *Annabaptiſts* were in ſeaſon,
One canted *Felony*, and 'tother *Treaſon*:
And if his *Mort* with a *French Coltſtaff* ſtrike,
'Tis ten to one they ſnuffle both alike;
Both preach in *Barns*, and teach in the ſame *tones*,
One ſtorms a *Henrooſt*, *'tother* ſtrikes at *Thrones*,
Both hate Authority, for they 're often croſt,
One with the *Nooſe*, *tother* the *Whipping-poaſt*.
In point of Baptiſme, for ought I know,
The *Rogue's* the better Chriſtian of the two:
The *Annabaptiſt* in his teaching tone
Defyes *God-fathers*, he'l have *twelve* or none;
In Marriages the *Rogue* and *He* accords,
For man and wife take one anothers words,
And very fruitful in their ſpawn they be,
Both deal in liberty and Leachery:
To conclude all, they are a brace of men
That are ſo like, they are the worſe agen;
Whoſe diſpoſitions could a Limner paint,
You'd not know which is *Rogue*, or which is *Saint*.

On the Ordinance prohibiting Cavaliers to wear Swords, April, 1646.

YOu of the Royalty, attend your Summons,
'Tis *this day Order'd by the Lords and Commons*
Aſſembled in that ſacred place which we
Muſt look upon as *England's* deſtiny,
That all ſuch dreadful men whoſe fame doth ring
For active Loyalty to *God* and *King*,
Laws and their native Liberties, ſhall be
Diſarm'd and made a *Swordleſs Cavalry*;
For ſome ſuch cauſe as formerly was given
When men were levy'd againſt *Charles* and *Heaven*,
At that time when the *Publick Faith* withſtood
The *Creed* and *Plate* was melted into Blood,
When Subjects ſought their *Maſter* to betray
At the old rate of *thirty pence* a day;
When Prentices againſt all Rules of Reaſon
Were early Free-men in the Trade of Treaſon,
When by the Factious *Commons* wiſe fore-caſting,
Trienial was a word for *Everlaſting*;
When the Mad Shires did with Petitions run,
Humbly deſiring they may be undone;
Not dreaming that our Engliſh Inquiſitions
Did onely ſit to anſwer ſuch Petitions;
When States-mens Trunks were fill'd up to the brim,
In Anno Primo Regni Johannis Pym:
With more ſuch reaſons which are yet unknown,
You are to lay your Bloody Bilbo's down,

And

And march disbladed, since the House of Lords
Have voted *Honest men must wear no Swords.*
And shall this daunt your Royal Spirits that
Have gain'd a Fame time cannot ruinate;
Your Enemies, though with a wrong pretence,
Have done you right, and put your Innocence
In the true garb, when did you ever see
Innocence figur'd with Artillery?
What need you Weapons since there is not one
Of worth enough to draw your Sword upon
That's not your Sovereigns Friend, and is't not pitty,
On the sinister spawn of a Committee,
To vent your valiant wrath, calm your high passion,
They dare as well do that deserves damnation
In such an Act that's pardon proof as see
You wear your Swords, it is their jealousie,
Of you, their *King*, nay even of their *God*,
When have you known Children delight the Rod?
So Cowards when their paler fears increase,
Take blows, and subtly bind men to the Peace:
What need you mutter that your Swords are gone,
Since you may see *Justice* her self hath none;
Your Valour is not question'd, 'tis for that
You are disarm'd, nor do they wonder at
Your swordless side, for all that justly owe
Allegiance to Valour, truly know,
A bladeless Cavalier can more afford,
Then he whose thigh is branded with a Sword;
Be not dismaid (and you in time shall see)
The *Kings* Cause hath an occult Quality;

Your

Your Swords are needleſs, ſing, be merry, and
Pray for the *King*, 'tis fit you underſtand,
Man's ineffectual aid is vain and light,
When He that made the hand intends to fight;
For you will finde when Rebels Race is run
They ſhall be conquer'd without Sword or Gun.

On a view of London *and* Weſtminſter *on tother ſide the Water.* 1658.

THis pair of ſinful Cities, we, with ſorrow,
May parallel with *Sodom* and *Gomorrah*,
Though one Crime greater then they durſt do there,
(Never to be forgot) was acted here;
Cities ſo pamper'd up with proſp'rous ſins,
That (if they could) they'd raviſh Cherubins,
Cramp their Creator, and with popular ſtings
Deſtroy him 'cauſe he is the *King of Kings*.
A Perjur'd Pair, who to ſecure their own
Will *Pimp* whilſt *Fornication* cups the Throne,
Proſtitute ſacred Places, keep the *Door*
Where each Lay-Lecher makes the Church a *Whore*;
They ſwallow Oaths and wicked Proteſtations,
And, with their Axe, cut off (God grant me patience)
The *Head of* — *Peace*, therefore they are, be't known,
A *Decolated Corporation*.
In brief he ne're ſhall be who, ſides with them,
A Citizen of *New Hieruſalem*.

The Players Petition to the Long Parliament, after being long Silenc'd, that they might Play again, 1642.

HEroick Sirs, you glorious nine or ten,
That can diſpoſe the King or the Kings men,
Who by ſublimer Rhetorick agree
That Priſons are the Subjects Liberty;
And though we brought in Silver at low rates,
Ye plunder to ſecure us our Eſtates,
Your ſerious ſubtlety is born ſo grave,
We dare not tell you how much Power ye have;
Or elſe you dare not hear us, how ye frown
If we but ſay *King Pym* wears *Charles* his Crown:
Such a word's Treaſon, and you muſt not hear it,
Treaſon to ſpeak it, and yet none to wear it.
Oh! wiſe myſterious what ſhall we
Do for ſuch men as you e're *forty three*
Be quite expir'd, and an unlucky ſeaſon
Shall put a period to *Trianial* Treaſon?
When Maſter *Pym* your wiſe judicious Schollar
Aſcends his Throne, and takes his Crown in Collar:
When the Field's pitch't, and ſome (for all their skill)
Shall fight a fearful Battle on *Tower-hill*,
When *Canterbury* coming forth, ſhall wonder
You have ſo long ſecur'd him from the thunder
Of your King-hunting Prentices, and the Major
Shall juſtle zealous *Iſaac* from his Chair;
Then *Cheap-ſide* Croſs ſhall be new guilt, new painted,
Gregory be made a Sheriff, and *Tyburn* ſainted:
Fore-knowing *Brooks*, thou drew'ſt a happy lot,
'Twas a wiſe bolt although it was ſoon ſhot.

But

But whilſt you reign, our low Petition craves
That we, the King's true Subjects, and your Slaves
May in our Comick Mirth and Tragick Rage
Set ope the Theatre and ſhew the Stage;
The Shop of Truth and Fancy, where we vow
Not to act any thing you'l diſallow;
We will not dare at your ſtrange Votes to jeer,
Or perſonate King *Pym* with his State fleire:
Aſpiring *Cataline* ſhall be forgot,
Bloody *Sejanus*, or who ere could plot
Confuſion 'gainſt a State, the War betwixt
The Parliament and juſt *Harry the Sixt*,
Shall have no thought or mention, 'cauſe their power
Not onely plac'd, but loſt him in the Tower;
Nor will we parallel with leaſt ſuſpicion,
Your Synod with the Spaniſh Inquiſition,
Or like the grave advice of learned *Pym*,
Make a *Malignant*, and then *Plunder Him*.
All theſe and ſuch like actions that may mar
Your ſoaring plots, or ſhew you what you are,
We ſhall omit, leſt our inventions ſhake 'em,
Why ſhould the men be wiſer then you'l make 'em:
Methinks there ſhould not ſuch a difference be
'Twixt your Profeſſions and our Quality.
You Meet, Plot, Act, talk high with minds immenſe,
The like with us, but onely we ſpeak ſenſe
Inferiour unto yours, we can tell how
To depoſe Kings, there we know more then you;
Although not more then what ye would, ſo we
Do in our vaſter Priv'ledges agree;

But

But that yours are the larger, and controuls,
Not onely *Lives* and *Fortunes*, but mens ſouls;
Declaring by an Enigmatick ſence,
A priviledge on each man's Conſcience;
As if the Trinity could not conſent
To ſave a Soul, but by the Parliament:
We make the people laugh at ſome vain ſhow,
And, as they laugh at us, they do at you,
Onely i'th' contrary we diſagree,
For you can make them cry faſter then wee:
Your Tragedies more real are expreſt,
You murther men in earneſt, we in jeaſt;
There we come ſhort, but if you follow't thus,
Some wiſe men fear you will come ſhort of us.
As humbly as we did begin, we pray,
Dear School-maſters, you'l give us leave to Play,
Quickly before the King comes, for we wou'd
Be glad to ſay, y've done a little good
Since ye have ſat, your play is almoſt done,
As well as ours, would 't had ne're been begun;
But we ſhall finde, e're the laſt Act be ſpent,
Enter the King, Exit the Parliament,
And hey then up go we, who by the frown
Of guilty Members have been voted down.
Yet you may ſtill remain, and ſit, and vote,
And through your own beam ſee your brothers mote,
Until a legal tryal ſhew how
Y'ave us'd the *King, and hey then up go you.*
So pray your humble ſlaves (with all their powers)
That when they have their due you may have yours.

Single

SONGS.

The Royal Vision.

The Tune of Greece *and* Troy.

1.

LAte being tir'd out in a tedious march,
I ſtretcht my wearied limbs
Under a Willow Arch;
In ſuch a ſhade by paſſion hurl'd,
Men croſt in love elect,
That fain would leave the world
At ſuch a ſeaſon, when the ſweet quire of fowls
Had left the neighb'ring thickets
To the rule of Bats and Owls:
Cloſe by the flowry fringed verge of a ſtream,
Sleeping ceizing all my ſenſes
Straight I thus began to dream.

2.

To my afflicted faith appear'd
A Princely perſon that
Was all in blood beſmear'd;

The ruin'd raiments that she wore,
Were Kingly mourning Purple,
All besprinkled with gore;
From her exuberous eyes troops of tears trickled down
Her head did wear a Church,
Invested with a batter'd Crown;
Many a woful wound her body did bear,
Like one fled from the furious hands
Of some salt Ravisher.

3.

On her Imperial Front she wears
E N G L A N D
In golden Characters;
But so demolisht now they show,
As monumental letters made
A thousand years ago:
Then as a torrent whose swift course was restrain'd,
Her flood-gates all flew open,
And with woe she thus complain'd:
Oh whither bear you all my bees thus in swarms!
What fury so affrights ye,
That ye beat these loud alarms?

4.

Oh you whom Peace and Plenty sway'd,
Why in these wicked warlike Arms
Are you array'd?
Where is the foe? or having none,
What wonder works this wildness,
That you needs will prove your own?

You

You that when as you were united might
Have vanquisht Turk and Pagan,
Or put Antichrist to flight;
But from what unredeemed spirit did spring
The plot of all your plagues,
To quarrel with a peaceful King.

5.

What Itch of Innovation wrought
Your factious humours, when the Clergy
To the Block ye brought?
Or why my Pastors do you keep
In Prisons, whilst the Wolf abroad
Doth onely guard the Sheep?
But why (in brief) do you such strange crimes commit,
That want a proper name,
Or ever man was damn'd for yet?
Oh! woful Island, flow in tears to the Main,
Thy sheep are lost ith' pasture,
For their plenty proves their pain.

6.

Why with pretence of righteous Cause,
Do you destroy the antient
Liberties and Laws?
Or clad in Arms a furious fry,
To fight against the guide
Of God like Monarchy?
How can a wilde
Divided power do as much,
As *One that is Annointed,*
Whom it's terrible to touch?

E're such a strange misguided Crew
Granted be
Resolve to know the sad event
Of this short Prophesie.

7.

This great and glorious
Liberal Land
Seedless shall lye,
Alas! the Plow will want a hand;
And when the Field
No fruit affords,
Sickles shall be converted
Into life depriving swords;
Strangers from far
This fertile soil shall devour
Your Wives and modest Matrons,
Lust and Rapine shall deflower;
Famine and Plague
Shall both at once walk the Round,
Then Swords shall be Physicians,
And by killing cure the wound.

8.

Churches and Towns,
With parallelles spires,
Shall vanish in the furious flames
Of unconfined fires,
Such shrieks from earth
To heaven shall flye,
That death will be less torment,
Then to hear each other dye.

Who ever famine 'ſcapes,
the ſword ſhall deſtroy,
A ſtory ſad and truer
Then the dreadful tale of *Troy.*
Frighted I wak'd
And on my knee did implore,
Some mercy for my former crimes,
And vow'd to fight no more.

The Farewell.

1.

FAir *Fidelia* leave me now,
I may no more
Thy Deity adore,
Nor offer to thy ſhrine,
I ſerve one more divine,
And greater far then you;
Hark, the trumpets call away,
I muſt go,
Leſt the foe
Loſe the King and win the day.
Let's march bravely on,
Charge them in the Van,
Our Cauſe Gods is,
Though the odds is
Ten times ten to one.

2.

Tempt no more, I may not yield,
Although thy eyes
A Kingdom might ſurprize;

Leave off thy wanton tales,
The high-born Prince of *Wales*
Is mounted in the Field,
Where the loyal Gentry flock,
Though forlorn,
Nobly born,
Of a near decaying ſtock,
Corniſh boyes be bold,
Never loſe your hold,
He that loiters,
Is by Traytors
Baſely bought and ſold.

3.

One kiſs more, and then farewell,
Nay now give o're,
I prethee fool no more;
Why cloud'ſt thou ſo thy beams?
I ſee by theſe extreams
A woman's heaven or hell.
Pray the King may have his own,
That the Queen
May be ſeen
With her Babes on *Englands* Throne;
Rally up your men,
One ſhall vanquiſh ten:
Victory we
Come to try thy
Favour once agen.

The Resolution. 1642.

1.

ASk me no more why there appears
Daily such troops of Dragoneer
Since it is requisite you know
They rob *cum Privilegio.*

2.

Ask me not why the Gaole confines
Our Hierarchy of best Divines,
Since 'twas allow'd by full consent,
The Priviledge of Parliament.

3.

Ask me no more why from *Blackwall*
Such tumults come unto *White-hall,*
Since some in Parliament agree,
'Tis for the Subjects Liberty.

4.

Ask me not why to *London* comes
So many Muskets, Pikes, and Drums,
So that we fear they'l never cease,
'Tis to procure the Kingdoms Peace.

5.

Ask me no more why little *Finch*
From Parliament began to flinch,
Since such as dare to Hawk and Kings,
May easily clip a Finches wings.

6.

Ask me no more why *Strafford* is dead,
Or why they aim'd so at his head;

Faith all the reaſon I can give,
'Tis thought he was too wiſe to live.

7.

Ask me no more where's all the Plate
Brought in at ſuch an eaſie rate,
It to the owners back they'l bring,
In caſe it fall not to the King.

8.

Ask me not why the Houſe delights
Not in our two wiſe Kentiſh Knights,
Their Counſels never were thought good,
Becauſe they were not underſtood.

9.

Ask me no more why *Lireſay* goes
To ceaze all rich men as his foes,
Whilſt Countrey Farmers ſigh and ſob,
Yeomen may beg when Knights do rob.

10.

Ask me no more by what ſtrange ſlight
London's Lord Major was made a Knight,
Since there's a ſtrength ſprung out of war,
That can at once both make and mar.

11.

Ask me no more why in this age
I ſing ſo free without a rage,
My anſwer is, I need not fear,
All *England* doth the burthen bear.

12.

Ask me no more, (for I grow dull)
Why *Hotham* keeps the Town of *Hull*,

I'le answer ye one word for all,
All things are thus when Kings do fall.

The Kingly Complaint.

The King Imprison'd at Holmby.

The Tune, 1. *In faith I cannot keep my sheep.*

I Am a poor and patient King,
Though some are pleas'd to call me Pope,
But yet I have a holy hope,
God will relieve my suffering,
By letting Peace and Plenty spring,
That every man may have his own,
Then I shall sit again upon my Throne.

2.

The Royal Consort of my age,
That hath so oft my Cradles crown'd,
With false aspersions, they do wound
According to their holy rage
My simple Subjects they engage,
And arm them with a proud pretence,
To bring me home in beating me from thence.

3.

A *Reformation* next is sought,
Episcopacy must go down,
A Tinker's art must mend the Crown,
By Weavers we may well be taught,
But now at last they have us brought
O're many rigid Rocks and Shelves,
They are contending what to be themselves.

4.

My Countreymen I moſt commend,
For they have made the moſt of me,
Alas! it was their poverty;
They did it to no other end,
But they have too much valued Me,
And over-priz'd my Innocence,
They could demand no more then *thirty pence.*

5.

A rout of Rebels ring me round,
Such is the King of *Englands* Court,
Who but to pleaſe their Pride, in ſport
Have brought my Peers unto the ground,
They chaſe me like an Infidel.
Or one that Chriſtian Blood betray'th,
Although I write, *Defender of the Faith.*

Rebels Market. 1646.

1.

NOw that the holy Wars are done
Between the Father and the Son,
And that we have by righteous fate
Diſtreſt a Monarch and his Mate,
Forcing their Heir ſhye into *France*,
To weep out his Inheritance.

Let's ſet open all our Packs,
Which contain ten thouſand wrat ks,
Caſt away on the Red Sea,
At *Naſeby* and at *Newberry*,

If then you'l come provided with gold:
We dwell
Close by Hell,
Where we sell
What you will,
That is ill;
For Charity there is cold.

3.

If by thee a Murther came,
We can give't another Name;
But alwayes provided thus,
That thou hast been one of us,
Gold is the God shall pardon the guilt;
We have
What shall save
Thee from Grave,
For the Law
We can awe,
Though a Princes blood be spilt.

4.

If a Church thou hav't bereft
Of its Plate, 'tis holy theft;
Or for zeal-sake if thou beest
Prompted on to spoil a Priest,
Gold's a prevailing advocate:
Then come,
Bring a summe,
Law is dumb,
And submits
To our wits,
For Policy guides a State.

The Leaguer.

1.

JOyn thy ennamel'd cheek to mine,
I'le bring thee where is rasie Wine,
And where a loving Leaguer's kept,
Where many tankard tears are wept
For the Cash
That is gone, that is here,
Joy and grief in a tear
We will wash:
There we study Revenges,
Make Plots without hinges,
More Black then the fifth of *Novembers*;
In our Pipe and our Cup
Our Estates are rak'd up,
Till our eyes twinkle like to the embers.

2.

There with a sack-incensed face,
In speckled state and flaming grace,
With dabbled doublet doth appear
The curral front of Cavalier,
With a bowle
Full of sack, such as can
In the most dying man
Raise a soul;
And forbids any venter,
The Leaguer to enter,
Or near it commit such a trespass,

If

If his cheeks do not ſhine
With the blood of the Vine,
And his Noſtrils appear like a Reſpaſs.

3.

In *Fletcher's Wit*, and *Johnſon's* ſtyle
There will we ſit and fret a while,
Curſing the puddle of their brains,
That pull'd down grapes, and put up grains;
They are foes,
Who Bagpipes for Shalmes
Deal in ſmall Bear and Pſalmes
Through the Noſe;
May want of drink grieve 'm,
And no man relieve 'm,
Till ſcorching inform them what hell is;
May *Houndſditch* and *Towerditch*,
With *Moorditch* and *Shoreditch*,
Be emptied to fill up their bellies.

4.

May all the ills that can be thought
Either too heavy or too hot
Light on his belly and his back,
That envies us the joyes of Sack;
Let him dye,
Or let him live with ſo much ſtrife,
That he may beg to loſe his life,
Till he cry,
Good-fellows forgive me,
If you dare believe me.
By the ſoul and the ſword of a Lay-man;

I'le

I'le draw out my Whinyard,
And set up the Vineyard,
In spight of the Devil and Dray-man.

The Discovery.

A Pastoral Song in two parts, being a Dialogue betwixt Alexis *and* Eliza, *a Shepheard and Shepherdess.*

1.

Eliza. SHepherd I will tell thee news,
That I fear will scarce delight thee;
Alexis. Let me hear the worst ensues,
Spoke by thee it cannot fright me,
Angels voices ne're abuse.

2.

Eliza. Walking late on yonder Plain,
A Shepheard at our meeting grumbled,
Alexis. Tush, 'twas but a Rural Swain,
For his pains he shall be humbled,
If we ever meet again.

3.

Eliza. 'Tis reported thou and I
Are intwin'd in Love's-embraces:
Alexis. 'Tis because that we do flye,
From those Lads and sun-burnt Lasses,
Which were once our Company.

4.

Alexis. But what ever they surmize,
Let not your own tongue betray you;

Their

Their ſuſpicions have no eyes,
Do not let your fears bewray you
To the traps which they deviſe.

5.

Eliza. But if they to me ſhould go,
And their true ſuſpicions mutter,
Alexis. Be you ſo wiſe to anſwer no,
When they imaginations utter,
Do you imagine 'tis not ſo.

6.

Both. Let us keep our Loves entire,
Like two Turtles of a feather;
In the heat of our deſire
Let us live and dye together,
Flaming ſtill in amorous fire.

A Chirping Cup.

1.

DIng dong ding
Let the Bells ring,
Leave off your caring;
He is fool'd,
That thinks his gold
Is ſafe by ſparing;
Who doth know,
As times go,
Who ſhall have the ſharing:
Then to prevent all
Let's merrily quaff our Wine
To the King and his Conſort divine;

I prethee fill it as much as 'twill hold,
We'l swagger home,
Stagger home,
When we are fill'd,
And reel away misfortune.

2.

More joyes bring,
Let the Boyes sing,
And Fidlers rant it,
We'l drink Wine,
Though the fine
Presbyters vaunt it;
They that thus
Drink like us,
Never can be daunted:
Then with Canary
Let every mans Coblet be crown'd,
In Sack let our sorrows be drown'd,
It is the right way our foes to confound;
We'l bang the Rogues,
Hang the Rogues,
For *Charles* his glory,
And that will end the story.

The Occasion.

How the Warre began.

1.

I'Le tell you how the War began,
The holy ones assembled,

For

For so they call'd their Party than,
Whose Consciences so trembled;
They pull'd the Bishops from their seats,
And set up ev'ry Widgeon;
The Scotch were sent for to do feats
With Oat-cakes and Religion.

They pluckt Communion-tables down,
And broke our painted glasses;
They threw our Altars to the ground,
And tumbled down the Crosses;
They set up *Cromwell* and his Heir,
The Lord and Lady *Claypole*,
Because they hated Common-Prayer,
The Organ and the Maypole.

The Roundheads Revolt.

Tune, *Souldiers Life.*

1.

THen farewell say to a Souldiers life,
And welcome the Trowel and Spade;
For he that doth lye with another mans wife,
Shall a Cuckold himself be made;

2.

So he that purloyns the Commonweal,
And takes from other men
By Plunder, which is in plain English to steal,
Let him look to be plunder Gagen.

3.

Farewell to the trade of Musket and Blade,
Which nothing but mischiefs procures;
For by the endeavours of Coblers and Weavers,
The Land hath been govern'd by Brewers.

4.

And now my Comrades, fall close to your trades,
Leave Scepters to men, that are high-born,
Though Treachery wins, when first it begins,
It commonly endeth at *Tyburn*.

5.

Let every thing conform to the King,
To *Englands* Church He be a true Son;
The way to be bang'd, and at last to be hang'd,
Is to mingle with *Baxter* and *Newton*.

6.

The stars in their courses have routed our horses,
And made our King murtherers, Martyrs;
They are forc'd to yield the fort and the field,
Whilst Ravens do beat up their quarters.

7.

Those zealots that did Baptisme forbid,
And likewise Godfathers deny'd,
Who raised a War, in conclusion they are
Themselves by twelve God-fathers try'd.

8.

Then let the Bells ring, and pray for the King,
Let every one practise Obedience;
And let them all starve, who will not observe,
And take the good Oath of Allegiance.

A Catch Royal, 1641.

LEt the Drawer run down,
We'l sit and drink the Sun down,
Here's a jolly Health to the King,
Let him be confounded,
And hang'd up for a Roundhead,
That will not pledge me a spring;
Next to the Lady *Mary*
This beer-bowl of Canary,
I'le pledg't a Carouse were it ten:
When *Charles* his thoughts are eased,
And his great heart appeased,
We'l drink the Sun up agen.

The Change:

After the Death of Oliver, November 3. 1659.

The Air compos'd by Mr. Lock.

1.

TO what Idol now
Must our hallowed ham-strings bow?
The devil and we
Can never agree,
We know not to *who* or *how*?
Religion and Laws
Are crucified by his paws,
Our liberty
Is rouced truly,
And so is the good old Cause!

The Rule of Right
Hath bid us good night,
'Tis Power is the onely Prevailer;
We dare not be known
To ask for our own,
For fear of Gibbet and Goaler:
For King we went
And Parliament,
By gunning to get them together;
But now well a day!
They are gunn'd quite away,
And we must be govern'd by neither.

2.

Old *Noll's* Noddle now
Were he living would tell us how
The Camp and Crown,
The Gun and the Gown
Might quickly make one of two;
King *Dick* the third,
Or *Harry* with his broad sword,
(Though men amiss)
Had taught us e're this
To quarrel about a word:
Their [illegible]nce and Laws
[illegible]d our Cause, Had [illegible]
[illegible]s submit to their Empire; And make
[illegible] fourth, But Richard [illegible]
[illegible]inth And Harry [illegible]
[illegible]teeler temper; [illegible]

The

The Church and State
Are governed by Fate,
'Tis Power hath the Peoples applauses;
Our Courts are too tall,
Our Lawyers must fall,
The Sword's the best splitter of Causes.

3.

'Tis not Majesty
Did make us to disagree,
'Twas an humble fire
Blown up by desire,
To be but as high as he;
The Prelate and King,
Who caused our quarrelling,
Were much to blame,
We hated the Name,
But fain we would have the thing.
Our Dram, our Gun,
Our Copper and Tun,
Which newly of so much renownis,
Can fitly declare
What spirits we are,
And what a bright Idol a Crown is.
But now let's cast
What's left us at last,
By Presbyter and Independent
The People's foresworn,
The Land is forlorn,
And this is the blessed end on't.

The Souldiers last Farewell.

Tune, *Hallow my Fancy.*

I.

FArewell Fife, Drum and Trumpet,
Fortune is grown
A very lazy Strumpet;
She hath left us,
And bereft us
Of a Kingdom and a Throne;
We that were once
As fat as any mullet,
By picking of the bones
Of Plunder'd Pig and Pullet,
May throw away our Guns,
Our Powder, Match and Bullet;
Alas poor Souldier, whither wilt thou go?

2.

I that did lead up the Van-guard,
And with my Sword
Did many a valiant man guard,
Now am routed,
And am flouted,
Never a man will take my word;
Lame Souldiers may
Seek Hospitals and Spittles,
And (well a day!)
We must throw off our whittles,

Instead of taking Pay,
We shall go beg our Victuals.
Alas, &c.

We fought for our Religion,
Many a bloudy day,
And killed many a widgeon;
Law we fought for,
And we fought for,
Till we fought it quite away:
We cut down men
As Conies crop up Mallows;
Our Masters then
Did call us valiant fellows,
'Twas time to leave them when
They brought us to the Gallows.
Alas, &c.

In Red-coat rags attyred,
I wander up and down,
Since Fortune so conspired,
To array me,
And betray me
To the Censure of the town:
My Buff doth make me boots,
My Velvet Coat and Scarlet
Must turn to Canvas Suits;
For Fortune is a Harlot,
These are the rotten fruits
That attend a fighting Varlet.
Alas, &c.

5.

I have been in *France* and in *Holland*,
Guided by my ſtars,
I have been in *Spain* and *Poland*,
Ireland, *Scotland*,
And what not Land,
Brittain you know
Hath felt my deſp'rate ſlaughter,
I kill'd ten at a blow,
Even in a fit of laughter,
Gone home and made no ſhow,
But kiſt my Landlords Daughter.
Alas poor Souldier, &c.

6.

My Valour ſo highly prevailed,
Meeting with my foes,
Who ſtrongly me aſſailed;
Though an hundred
Them I plundred,
And receiv'd not many blows;
This Faulcheon by my ſide
Hath kill'd more men I'le ſwear it,
Then *Guy* of *Warwick* did,
For he could ne're come near it,
And now I ſhall be chid
In time, if I do wear it.
Alas poor Souldier, &c.

7.

For the King and the Kingdom
I was the man

That did ſtrike ev'ry thing dumb,
I made Meetings,
Zealous greetings,
When the War at firſt began,
Jack Lilburn firſt,
Then holy *Nye* prevailed,
And I was nurſt
By ſuch as often railed,
And pious Preachers curſt,
Who were to Priſon haled.
Alas poor Souldier, &c.

8.

I did about this Nation
Hold forth my gifts, and teach
The wayes of tolleration,
In that ſeaſon
I ſpake treaſon,
And any thing within my reach,
Then every trade
Was counterfeitly zealous,
Preachers were made
Of ſuch as kept an Alehouſe,
The Pulpit fitted them
Who were fitter for the Gallows.
Alas poor Souldier, whither wilt thou go?

9.

Surplice was Superſtition
Voted right or wrong,
By our Inquiſition

Down went Crosses,
Tombs and Glasses,
The Liturgy we made a Song,
The Mytre and the Crown
Gave way to private Meeters,
The Riches and Renown
Unto the zealous Greeters,
Pauls Church was tumbled down,
To supply the wants of *Peters*.
But now poor Souldier, whither wilt thou go?

10.

I will go to the Village
Where I was bred and born,
And deal no more in pillage,
I'le go borrow
Plough and Harrow,
And sow the fruitful fields with Corn:
I'le leave off all
My Quarterings and Billets,
I'le never fall
Into the traps of Zealots,
But with my Sword I shall
Defend both Prince and Prelates:
Into my Country I resolve to go.

The discontented Cavalier, Jan. 4. 1661.

In two Airs, an Alman and Seribran:
Composed by Mr. Taylor.

1.

AWay now with the Drum
For the time is come

A Cavalier
May appear,
And shall be
Well rewarded for Loyalty
Royally,
Becauſe he hath been true to
Sinking Sovereignty
Drink Wine freely my hearts,
For your high deſerts,
So lately drown'd,
Shall be crown'd,
Cloth of gold
Will your wounded bodies infold,
Bags untold
You every day ſhall in your
Treaſuries behold;
All Places of Profit and Renown
In the Town,
Sword or Gown,
Your ſufferings ſhall crown.
Therefore let us laugh,
And quaff,
And drink all off,
A merry go down,
The Kingdom's all our own:
But hark what ill news abroad is told,
Places ſold
Are for Gold,
And I by my troat
Have not up to *London* brought

Above a groat,
For which my throat
Must sing another note.

Tune alter'd to the Scribrand.

2.

I am a Cavalier,
It sadly doth appear,
My shirt's a clout,
My elbow's out,
And never a Cloak to wear;
But I am grown so poor,
'Cause Fortune is a Whore,
She deals her Boons
To Pantaloons,
That pimp and keep the door.
In Feather and Muff
Is merit enough
For Gesemine-butter'd Squires,
The lofty affairs
Of Plackets and Pluders
Do keep us still in the Bryers;
Yet others I see
Of better degree,
Or Truth is turn'd a Liar,
Whose heads though they be
Advanc'd very high,
Deserve to be set up higher.

The Devil's in them still,
Let times be what they will,
When Fortune's in
The minde to sin,
The Devil guides the wheel;
Meer Politiques are but
Knaves in a several cut,
'Tis good or naught
As they will bet.
For Conscience door is shut
Religion and Law
Gild every Cause,
And make it shew resplendently
They carry the Name
Ith beginning both Game,
But nothing to do with the end on't:
We never did doubt,
When first we went out,
And had no cause to fear,
When merit began
To march in the Van,
That Ingratitude was in the Rear.

4.

Tis Fortune's purblind power
That doth us all devour,
She sets up slaves,
She pardons Knaves
And Rebels every hour;
Whilst Loyal hearts are sad

With

With begg'd and borrow'd bread,
They in Perfumes
And plunder'd Plumes
Are daily worshipped;
But these are the men,
I speak it agen,
Which lately I did tell you on,
Whose fancies are fit
With weapons and wit
To raise up a new Rebellion;
Yet true Loyalty
In my heart shall be
An everlasting lodger;
In my Rags I will sing,
God save our good King,
And send him no need of a Souldier.

The Secret.

The Air composed by Mr. Taylor.

WOuld I reveal my minde
I could declare,
And tell you why
That I
Come not nigh
You where you are,
But must conceal my minde:
'Twixt love and fear;

Dumb Melancholly,
Nothing more ſtrong,
You and my folly
Have done me wrong,
To give me love and grief and ne're a tongue.

2.

How my heart lov'd thee
My ſoul ſhall conceal,
And by what ſign
That thine
Then was mine,
Faith I'le never tell;
Though thou haſt mov'd me
Enough to reveal:
Where ſhall we finde her
That faithfull is,
All women kinde are
Like thee in this.
And do as thou haſt done; *kill where they kiſs.*

3.

Now I enjoyned am
To live apart,
Left by deſire
My fire
Do conſpire
To conſume my heart;
I am confined to
Smile when I ſmart,
Unleſs I take her,
Within my bounds,

I must forsake her,
Since Fortune frowns,
As Kings are forced to lay down their Crowns.

The Poesie writ by a Lady.
The Air composed by Mr. William Lawes, *Servant to his late Majesty.*

1.

YOur Love if vertuous will shew forth
Some fruits of Devotion,
There's no Religion can warrant
A dishoneſt motion;
Would you entice me to give you respect,
You would not seek then my honour to infect
With poisoned potions;
If I ever did affect you,
'Twas in honour, but in ill ends
I must needs neglect you.

2.

That fort is feeble that words can subdue
With their battery,
'Tis better stop our ears, then set them
Open to flattery;
Shall I count that true which cannot be just,
Your sighs and sad silence I may not trust
With eyes so watry:
Take a Lover from a passion,
Like an image out of date
He stands quite out of fashion.

The

The Reply, by the Authour.

1.

MY Love's as vertuous as yours is,
Where you frame affection,
For so inflamed Religion
You keep in subjection:
I cannot tempt ye to give me respect,
'Tis not the crime but the man you reject
With words so zealous:
This same trifle call'd Honour,
Is a pretty witty cover
To conceal a Lover.

2.

What need a batt'ry be,
When as the fort is resigning,
You will ne're stop your ear,
At your own servants repining?
Where we affect we do never mistrust,
If you would spell Love, and chance to write Lust
No interlining:

3.

Take a Lady in the humour,
When the Love-fit is upon her,
She'l ne're think of Honour.

The Courtier.

BE not afraid
Thou rarest

The fairest
That ever was Maid,
Deny me not a kiss,
No man shall see
The measure
Of pleasure
That I have from thee,
What hurt is there in this?
Then let's embrace, let all pleasures be free,
The world shall ne're have knowledge
How delightful we be.

2.

I know that spyes
Both creeping and peeping
In each corner lyes
To hinder all our joy;
Cupid shall see,
And finde 'em to blinde 'em
That hinderance be
To the getting of a boy.
Then let's embrace, &c.

3.

Venus invites,
Fair Creature, Dame Nature
Made you for delights,
But yet to none but I;
Then I'le embrace,
And rifle a trifle,
Leave a jewel i'th' place,
You'l keep until you dye.
Then let's embrace, &c.

The

The Ladies Answer.

1.

NAy pish, nay fie
You venter to enter
A trespass so high,
You'l wish it were undone;
Should any spy,
They'd wonder, look yonder,
I see you'l not flye
The chase you have begun;
Since then y'ave won me,
And all things are free;
If faith you will undo me,
If a tell-tale you be.

2.

Now y'have enjoy'd
That measure of pleasure,
Indeed I'm destroy'd,
If I hear of it agen;
Women do prove
Neglected, rejected,
When freedom of Love
Is told to other men:
Since then, &c.

3.

Oh take my heart,
I'le ever endeavour
That we never part

'Till death assign the time;
Wer't not to you,
Believe me 'twould grieve me
To do what I do:
O that Love should prove a crime,
Yet 'tis a fault
Of so sweet a degree,
I surely am perswaded,
Court nor Countrey goes free.

The Forfeiture: A Romance.

Tune, *Dear let me now this evening dye.*

1.

YOu that do look with Christian hue
attend unto my Sonnet,
I'le tell you of as vilde a Jew
as ever wore a Bonnet;
No Jew of *Scotland* I intend,
My story not so mean is,
This Jew in wealth did much transcend
Under the States of *Venice.*

2.

Where he by usury and trade
did much exceed in Riches;
His beard was red, his face was made
Not much unlike a Witches;
His habit was a Jewish Gown,
That would defend all weather;

His chin turn'd up, his nose hung down,
And both ends met together.

3.

Yet this deformed Father had
A daughter and a wise one,
So sweet a Virgin never Lad
Did ever set his eyes on;
He that could call this Lady foul
Must be a purblinde Noddy,
But yet she had a Christian soul
Lodg'd in a Jewish body.

4.

Within the City there did live,
If you the truth will search on't,
One whose ill fate will make you grieve,
A gallant Christian Merchant,
Who did abound in wealth and wit,
In youth and comely feature;
Whose love unto a friend was knit,
As strong as bonds of Nature.

5.

A Gentleman of good renown,
But of a sinking fortune,
Who having no estate of's own
Doth thus his friend importune;
Friend lend me but one thousand pound,
It shall again be paid ye;
For I have very lately found
A fair and wealthy Lady.

6.

The Merchant then makes this reply,
Friend, I am out of treasure;
But I will make my credit flye,
To do my friend a pleasure:
There is a Jew in town (quoth he)
Who though he deadly hate me,
Yet 'cause my wealth is strong at sea,
This favour will not bate me.

7.

When they were come unto the Jew,
He did demand their pleasure;
The Merchant answers, I of you
Would borrow so much treasure:
The Jew replies, you shall not ha't,
If such a summe would save ye,
Unless in three moneths you will pay't,
Or forfeit what I'de have you.

8.

If at the three moneths end you do,
As you shall seal and sign to't,
Not pay the money which is due,
Where e're I have a minde to't
I'le cut a pound out of your flesh;
The Merchant is contented,
Because he knew in half that time,
his shipping would prevent it.

9.

Ill news by every ship comes in.
His ships are drown'd and fired;

The Jew his forfeiture doth win,
For three moneths are expired.
He is arrested for the debt,
The Court must now decide it;
The flesh is due, and now the Jew
Is ready to divide it.

10.

The Merchants Friend that had the gold
Now being richly married,
Offer'd the summe down three times told
To have his friends life spared,
'Twould not be took, but strait steps in
One in Doctors apparel,
Who though but young doth now begin
Thus to decide the quarrel.

11.

Jew, we do grant, that by the Law
A pound of flesh your due is,
But if one drop of blood you draw,
We'l shew you what a Jew is;
Take but a pound, as 'twas agreed,
Be sure you cut no further,
And cut no less, lest for the deed
You be arraign'd for murther.

12.

The Jew inrag'd doth tear the Bond,
And dares not do the slaughter,
He quits the Court, and then 'twas found
The Doctor proves his Daughter;

Who for the love she long time bore,
From a true heart derived
To be his wife, and save his life,
This subtle slight contrived.

3.

The Court consent, and they are wed,
For hatching of this slaughter
The Jews estate is forfeited,
And given to his Daughter;
She is baptiz'd in Christendome,
The Jew cryes out he's undone:
I wish such Jews may never come
To *England* nor to *London*.

Love in Languishment.

Tune, *Have I not lov'd thee much and long.*

1.

YOu to whom melting hearts belong,
That Lovers woes bewail,
And would not have true love take wrong,
Attend unto my tale.
The like to this is seldom known,
Twill make your very souls to groan,
As if the case were all your own,

2.

A great man late a Daughter had,
Which now may not be nam'd,
She had two Suitors, good and bad,
Both by her eyes inflam'd;

But

But young *Philaſter* was his Name,
A Gentleman of noble fame,
That her affections overcame.

3.

The tother was her fathers choice,
Antonio he was call'd,
Who with her feature, youth and voice
Was very much inthrall'd;
And though her Father bid her ſhe
Should to *Antonio*'s ſuit agree:
She cryes, *Philaſter* is for me.

4.

One day *Philaſter* having walkt
Cloſe by a River ſide,
He found a pretty boy that talkt
Unto himſelf, and cry'd;
Could I but now a maſter view,
To give my tender youth its due,
I would appear a Servant true.

8.

Philaſter entertain'd him ſtraight,
And ſent him to his Love,
That he with her might live and wait,
And 'twixt each other move;
His pretty face did ſo engage,
She lookt upon his tender age.
More like a Brother then a Page.

6.

Betwixt them he ſo often went
With letters to and fro,

That it gave cause of discontent
To young *Antonio*;
Who cause he could not have his swinge,
But all his love was off the hinge,
He secretly doth vow revenge.

7.

Phylaster and the Lady now
By *Cupid*'s great command,
Are by the Priest with holy vow
united hand in hand;
But when the bonds of love were seal'd,
And that their fears were quite expell'd,
Their marriage joyes were all reveal'd.

8.

Her Father apprehends him strait
For stealing of his Heir,
He's hurried to the prison-gate,
And she left in despair;
Antonio makes false witness swear,
That fornication did appear
One day betwixt the boy and her.

9.

For which they both by course of law
Are to the prison sent,
Her father which did thither draw
Her love doth now lament;
Phylaster hearing this, quoth he,
Must I thus lose my life for she
That's taken in Adultery?

10.

The Ladies tears not guilty prove,
Each eye ſo overflows,
To think her Honour and her Love
She in one hour ſhould loſe;
Juſtice againſt them doth proceed,
Two muſt be puniſht, tother bleed,
Love lies a bleeding now indeed.

11.

The Boy cryes out you do amiſs,
For you do all miſtake,
I am a Virgin, and did this
For young *Antonio*'s ſake;
This Suit which now you ſee me wear,
And all the courſe which I did ſteer,
Was 'cauſe he ſhould not marry her.

12.

Antonio knows her, and doth vow
He'l marry none but ſhe;
Phylaſter takes his Love, and now
The Father doth agree:
Their lives were near the puſh of pike,
But now embrace, and ſoft hands ſtrike,
May all true Lovers do the like.

The Revolution: A Love-ſtory.

Tune, *No man loves fiery paſſions.*

1.

YOu that are croſt in love, and fain would ſee
Some croſſes like your own, give ear to me,

That it gave cauſe of diſcontent
To young *Antonio*;
Who cauſe he could not have his ſwinge,
But all his love was off the hinge,
He ſecretly doth vow revenge.

7.

Phylaſter and the Lady now
By *Cupid*'s great command,
Are by the Prieſt with holy vow
united hand in hand;
But when the bonds of love were ſeal'd,
And that their fears were quite expell'd,
Their marriage joyes were all reveal'd.

8.

Her Father apprehends him ſtrait
For ſtealing of his Heir,
He's hurried to the priſon-gate,
And ſhe left in deſpair;
Antonio makes falſe witneſs ſwear,
That fornication did appear
One day betwixt the boy and her.

9.

For which they both by courſe of law
Are to the priſon ſent,
Her father which did thither draw
Her love doth now lament;
Phylaſter hearing this, quoth he,
Muſt I thus loſe my life for ſhe
That's taken in Adultery?

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But now embrace, and ſoft hands ſtrike,
May all true Lovers do the like.

The Revolution: A Love-ſtory.

Tune, *No man loves fiery paſſions.*

1.

You that are croſt in love, and fain would ſee
Some croſſes like your own, give ear to me;

I have a ſtory which doth plainly tell,
That Lovers hearts are toſt 'twixt heaven and hell:
Therefore let him or her this place forbear,
That cannot vent a ſigh, or ſhed a tear.

2.

A vertuous Lady, innocent and fair,
Who to a noble Knight was onely Heir,
Was to a Gentleman with quick diſpatch
Contracted, but his brother ſcorn'd the match,
And therefore privately did plot to be
An enemy unto their amity.

3.

The coſtly garments, and the wedding chear
Provided is, for now the day draws near;
The Bride-men and the Bride-maids are made fit
To wait upon their vertue and their wit:
And till the day, long lookt for, doth appear,
Each hour's a day, and every day a year.

4.

The brother that was hatefully inclin'd,
Did yet appear to bear a better minde,
And ſeem'd as much to like the Match as they
That every hour did wiſh the wedding day;
But mark what follows, and you'l quickly be
Aſſur'd 'twas nothing but hypocriſie.

5.

He hires a knave, whoſe love was cloſely ty'd
Unto the Chambermaid that ſerv'd the Bride,
And bids him in the evening go unto her,
And in her Miſtreſs chamber ſeem to wooe her;

Desire her for your humour to put on
One of her Mistress Gowns that well was known.

6.

The fellow goes to her whom he did know,
Could not to any thing he crav'd cry no,
The Brother to the Bridegroom quickly hies,
To fill his brothers soul with jealousies;
Quoth he, if you this strumpet Lady marry,
You and our Family will all miscarry.

7.

If you with two or three with me will go,
At night I'le shew you what you ne're did know;
That Lady which hath lockt your love in charms,
I'le shew you tumbling in anothers arms:
For though till now I ne're did tell you on them,
These three nights I have cast my eyes upon them.

8.

The Bridegroom though he lov'd her well before,
Hating to be the Husband of a Whore,
Doth with his brother go, (who was his guide)
To see as he suppos'd his wanton bride;
Where in her Mistress night-gown she was toying,
And with her plotting Sweet-heart closely playing.

9.

The marriage day is come, and now they go,
As some surmize, to make but one of two;
But when the Bridegroom took her by the hand,
He gave the people all to understand,
That she was known a most notorious whore,
And vow'd from that time ne're to see her more.

10.

The Bride fell in a swound, the father cry'd,
Alack for me! I would my childe had dy'd
Before this time had come, for much I fear
My sorrow will become my murtherer;
He caus'd her in this fit to be convey'd
Home to his house, and in her chamber laid.

11.

The Chamber-maid much fearing some mistake,
Desir'd her Sweet-heart that for her dear sake
He would disclose, or him she'd never own,
Why he would have her wear her Mistress Gown?
And after many subtle tricks of youth,
He did confess, and tell the naked truth.

12.

She tells her master how they had been us'd,
And by the Bridegrooms Brother thus abus'd;
Which when the Bride & Bridegroom knew, they then
With joynt consent go to the Church agen:
Where they did knit a knot until they dye,
Which Men and Angels never shall untye.

The jealous Duke, and the injur'd Dutchess: A story. This is the Story in Shakspears winters tale.

Tune, *The Dream.*

1.

OF all the wedlock plagues that be,
None are so fierce
As Jealousie,

As

As you shall see drawn to the life
Between a Duke.
And's vertuous Wife;
He was a Duke of *Parma* in *Italy*,
His Lady great with childe
Was wronged by his jealousie:
He sends her unto prison guiltless of crime,
And in that sickly season,
When as she was near her time.

2.

Where afterward it came to pass,
She of a Childe
Delivered was,
A lovely Daughter, which they took
And brought it to
The Jealous Duke;
Who in a fury did protest as before,
The Infant was a Bastard,
And its Mother was a Whore:
The noble Lady then did bring it up by,
The vertuous Dutchess suffer'd
Onely for his Jealousie.

3.

The Lady being much revil'd,
She goes away
And leaves the Childe;
He straight by oath enjoyns a Lord
Who made a conscience
Of his word.

Then

Then quoth the Duke, you muſt perform my command
Take ſhipping ſtrait,
And bear this Brat into a forreign Land,
Leave it in any wilderneſs you can finde,
And let it there be nouriſhed
Onely by the rain and winde.

The Nobleman is griev'd to do't,
But that his Oath
Enjoyns him to't;
The Dutcheſs hearing that her Childe
Was ſent away
To Countreys wilde,
Falls in a ſwound, (her ſpirits all being fled)
The word was brought into the Duke,
His wife was newly dead;
And that her laſt words were, (her eyes waxing dim)
Commend me to the Duke,
I ne're knew any man but him.

Her dying words the Duke believes,
And now alack
Too late he grieves;
For now the Lord (by his command)
Is in the Duke
Of *Padua*'s Land;
Where he the pretty Infant layes down (as he
Had ſworn to the Duke)
And now returns agen to ſea:
But (by good fate) a ſhepherd that loſt a ſheep,

Was

Was searching up and down that way;
And heard the Infant weep.

6.

The Mantle which the Childe did hold
Was rich embroidered
Cloth of Gold;
But when it was undreſt, he found
The value of
Two thouſand pound;
Beſides a paper where was writ down the Name:
This treaſure made the Shepherd ſtraight
To grow in wealth and fame;
He bred the Childe as decently as he cou'd,
But in its diſpoſition one
Might finde the parents bloud.

7.

At ſixteen years of age ſhe was
The prettieſt Nimph
That trod on graſs;
Once on a day when ſhe did keep
(As ſhe ſuppos'd) Her fathers ſheep,
A Gentleman which her fair face lookt upon,
Was ſtrucken ſtraight in love,
And 'twas the Duke of *Padua*'s Son;
Who from that hour would every day come to ſee
His Miſtreſs whom he lov'd like life,
Though of a low degree.

8.

Much love there was betwixt them both,
Till they contracted were by oath;

Which when his father came to know,
Then did begin
The Lovers woe;
For with extream outragious words he begun
To bid him leave her,
Or he'd never own him as a son;
The Prince did vow his love he ne're would withdraw
Although he loſt his father,
And the Crown of *Padua*.

9.

But having got much treaſure, he
Doth with this Virgin
Put to ſea;
After a while there was report,
They're in the Duke
Of *Parma*'s Court;
The Duke of *Padua* then for fear they ſhould wed,
Will follow, if he finde it true,
His ſon ſhall loſe his head:
But the old Shepherd fearing wrong ſhould befall,
His pretty witty Daughter
Doth reſolve to finde them all.

10.

The Bride and Bridegroom now in ſtate
Are going to
The Temple-gate,
The Duke of *Padua* with his trains
Doth ſtop them,
And forbids the Banes;
And to the Duke of *Parma* plainly ſayes, that

His

His ſon did flye from him
To marry with a Shepherds brat;
The Bride and Bridegroom by both Dukes in a breath
Commanded are to ſeparate,
Or they ſhall meet in death.

11.

Both are content, and are led on
Unto their
Execution.
They were to ſuffer both alike,
The Headſmans Axe
Was up to ſtrike: (town;
Hold quoth the Shepherd, I bring ſtrange news to
The Dukes were both amazed,
And the Axe was ſtraight laid down,
This Lady ſixteen years ago did I finde,
This paper and theſe Jewels,
For the Child is none of mine.

12.

The Lord that bore the Childe away
Seeing the Name,
Did boldly ſay,
Great Duke of *Parma*, this is ſhe
Which you did ſend away by me;
'Tis your own Daughter: then the Duke full of tears
Embrace them both, and now
Another Marriage day appears;
Bonefires and Bells, the Conduits all run with wine:
By this we ſee there's nothing can
Prevent the Powers divine.

The Double Marriage: A ſad Story.

Tune, *Amidſt the Mirtles as I walkt.*

1.

AMongſt all woes that ever we
Have felt, or elſe in ſtory read,
There is no greater miſery,
Then an inforced Marriage-bed.

2.

As I will ſadly make appear,
When I my ſtory ſhall unfold,
You will confeſs that you do hear
The ſaddeſt tale that e're was told.

3.

A Gentleman of good renown
Did dye, and left his Heir in ward
Unto the mercy or the frown
Of a moſt proud imperious Lord.

4.

This Gallant was a youth of worth,
His feature might affection move,
Who travelling into the North,
It was his fate to fall in Love,

5.

With a fair Lady of good fame,
And being on both ſides agreed,
They in one Contract mix their flame,
And ſeal it as their act and deed.

No

6.

No ſooner did their ſouls accord
In tears and kiſſes, oaths and vows,
But he is ſent for by his Lord
To *London*; now comes all the woes.

7.

The Lord his Guardian doth prefer
Him to a Lady of his kin,
The Gallant cryes, ſhould I take her,
I might commit a grievous ſin.

8.

I am contracted, Sir, quoth he,
To one I love no leſs then life;
And you know, Sir, that Contracts be
The greateſt bonds 'twixt man and wife.

9.

The Guardian by his power compells
The woful Ward to break his oath,
And (which all miſery excells)
Unto another plight his troth.

10.

He ſends into the North with ſpeed,
To her whom he by right ſhould wed;
Onely one line which ſhe doth read,
Forgive me, I am married.

11.

This broke her heart, but ſhe indites
An anſwer which much ſorrow bred;
For in one fatal line ſhe writes,
My Dear, Forgive me I am dead.

12.

Then with her knife she made it good,
And by a desperate stroke did prove,
Sealing it with her flowing blood,
That Life is nothing without Love.

13.

The Gentleman forsakes his Wife,
Such misery this Marriage bred;
Quoth he, I'le never lead a life
With thee in an adult'rous Bed.

14.

I'th' wicked wayes he now begins
To riot all his vaste estate,
His wife was brought to bed of twins,
The Mothers grief, the Fathers hate.

15.

His wife and children full of woe
And want unto their father come,
Who now in *England* doth not know
A place that he can call his home.

16.

His breach of Contract in his thought
Doth now (at last) so fiercely fall,
That by the devil he is wrought
To kill his wife and children small:

17.

He draws his sword, but by good fate
A messenger comes running in,
And bids him read a letter straight;
Which done, my Gallant doth begin

18.

To be more temperate in his minde,
For thus it seems the letter said,
Your Guardian that was so unkinde,
Much griev'd for you, is lately dead;

19.

He hath bequeath'd his whole Estate
To be onely at your dispose,
And doth confess, though now too late,
He was the cause of all your woes.

20.

He bids you likewise, since you are
The Husband of another Wife,
That you will take her to your care,
And lead a loving peaceful life.

21.

This counsel he resolves to take,
And loving to his wife appears;
Though often for his Contracts sake
He venteth penitential tears.

22.

Thus have you seen *the misery*
Which inforc'd Marriage doth procure;
Therefore let all forewarned be
Never to break that are made sure.

The Broken Contract.

Tune, Cloris *farewell, I needs must go.*

1.

YOu that are safe and sound in soul,
Whose mindes are well, and hearts are whole,

Attend my tale, for I impart
The ſorrows of a broken heart;
So ſad it is, that much I fear,
'Twill break your very hearts to hear.

2.

A Lady (as my ſtory ſaith)
Was bound within the bonds of faith
As faſt as Contract could unite
Unto a youthful noble Knight;
But by her powerful Brother ſhe
Was forc'd to break this unity.

3.

She now is married to a rich
And very jealous Old man, which
Doth in her love take much delight,
But ſhe muſt ne're ſtir out of ſight;
By all that look upon her he
Doth fear he ſhall cornuted be.

4.

The old man breaks his heart with fears,
The Knight doth waſte his ſoul in cares;
The Lady ſpends her time in tears,
Her Brother courts a friend of hers:
And being now a Lover ſtrong,
Repents he did his Siſter wrong.

5.

Her Brother and his Love are now
United by a laſting vow,
The gallant Bridegroom and his Bride
Do for the Nuptial day provide;

The Knights revenge was grown so great,
He could not make it to retreat.

6.

But she that should have been his wife
Doth grow so weary of her life,
That she resolves to eat no food
Or sustenance to do her good,
Till famine ceise on all her parts;
Thus broken vows make broken hearts.

7.

The Knight a challenge sends to him,
Who now in seas of joyes do swim,
And bids him meet without delay
The morning of his wedding day;
Or else he vow'd for all his harms
To kill him in his Ladies arms.

8.

The Bridegroom meets him, and they fight,
But the undaunted daring Knight
Fill'd with revenge doth charge him so,
That he in his own blood doth flow;
Thus in a moment here you have
A Bride-bed turn'd into a Grave.

9.

When this report abroad was blaz'd,
The woful Bride being much amaz'd,
Tears off the wedding garment, which
Her body lately did enrich;
Her heart o'recharg'd with grief, she cry'd,
We'l meet above, and so she dy'd.

10.

The Bridegrooms ſiſter which before
Had made a vow to feed no more,
Being in ſeas of ſorrows drown'd,
She throws her ſelf upon the ground;
Saying it cannot be withſtood,
But broken vows muſt end in blood.

11.

Theſe words ſhe had no ſooner ſpoke,
But inſtantly her heart was broke;
The Knight with hands in blood imbrued
Is now by Officers purſued,
And in his Chamber they at laſt
Do finde him with his door lockt faſt.

12.

They break it open, and there finde,
The ſaddeſt ſight is left behinde;
For when they in the Chamber come,
They finde him naked in the room,
Where every vein from head to foot
He with his knife had newly cut.

13.

Much like a fountain there he ſtood,
For all his limbs were ſpouts of blood;
But when his veins did ceaſe to ſwell,
He dyed, and down the fountain fell;
Thus doth one broken vow devour
The lives and precious blood of four.

14.

May this a warning prove to all,
Whoſe Vows are Matrimoniall; Look

Look e're you leap, for having vow'd,
The breach can never be allow'd;
For you may well discern by this,
A Contract broke, like Murther is.

A merry Marriage: A Stratagem.

Tune, *Do but view this glass of Claret.*

1.

THis new Song that I would sell you
Some suppose is very true,
Where 'twas done I may not tell you,
Time will bring it to your view;
What I mean now to reveal you,
Is both witty, queint, and new.

2.

In a place as yet unplunder'd
An old Usurer did dwell,
Who took fifty in the hunderd,
Some can by experience tell;
But his son in Taverns thunder'd,
And did strow't abroad as well:

3.

Young and handsome, bred a Scholar,
Never free from Tavern scores,
But his Father full of dolor
Turns my Gallant out of doors;
Swearing in a cruel chollet,
That he spent his means with whores.

He

4.

He besides him had a Daughter,
Young and lovely, fair and bright,
She was worth the looking after,
For her Portion was not light;
But the trick that's worth your laughter,
Will appear anon at night.

5.

Not far off a Widow dwelt that
Was both pretty, young and wise,
This old fellow quickly smelt that
She would prove a golden prize;
In his clean Ruff, and his Felt Hat
He to her a wooing hyes.

6.

Such good entertainment she made,
That he thought she was his own;
But the wanton son that he had
Came as soon as he was gone,
Told her plainly he should be mad,
If she would not hear his moan.

7.

When she saw his youth and feature
To be confident and kinde,
She did covet much the creature,
But his wildeness chang'd her minde;
And contrary to her nature
Said he should no favour finde.

8.

This did quite confound the Lover,
But her kinsman was his friend: Who

Who unto him did discover
What a plot he did intend;
I know what (quoth he) shall move her,
And shall gain her in the end.

9.

Soon at night do you come hither,
If you will the Widdow wed,
You shall all night lye beneath her,
Close conveigh'd under her bed;
When you are so near together,
Ten to one you will be sped:

10.

But before you come I'le swear you,
Though you lye upon the lurch,
That you honestly will bear you,
Till you both have been at Church,
Else revenge I vow shall tear you
Ten times more then brine and birch.

11.

To this plot they both consented,
But another plot's in hand,
A poor Knight is discontented
For the morgage of his Land;
For it seems the devil sent it
Unto this old Miser's hand.

12.

This Knight with money doth desire it,
But because the day is past,
This Curmudgeon doth require it
As a forfeiture at last;

But his Daughter doth admire
The patience of the Knight ſo croſt.

13.

She's in love and dares not ſhew it,
By her Brother ſhe was betray'd;
For by him the Knight doth know it,
Who with love ſalutes the Maid;
She doth well conſent unto it,
The Match at midnight muſt be made.

14.

Therefore he doth thus adviſe her,
To the widows you ſhall go,
For your Brother will ſurprize her,
E're the morning comes I know;
Bring my Morgage, leſt your wiſer
Father plot our overthrow.

15.

All is done, and now the morning
Through the widdows window peeps,
He provided 'gainſt all ſcorning,
Out into her Chamber creeps;
She cryes out, whilſt he is turning
To her to ſecure her lips:

16.

There he vows if ſhe will marry,
He'l become a civil man,
But if not, ſhe ſhall miſcarry
In her reputation;
For he ſwears he there will tarry,
Till her credit's quite undone.

17.

He calls up his Friend and Sister
To be witneſs to the Match,
Who but for this trick had miſt her,
For he caught her on the Catch;
There before them all he kiſt her,
To the Church they all diſpatch.

18.

When the Uſurer did hear that
He was cheated of his wife,
And his Daughter, he did ſwear that
He would ſtrait reform his life;
Then he bids them joy, and prayes that
Their midnight Match may know no ſtrife.

The happy Adventure, or the witty Lady: A ſtory.

Tune, *Wert thou much fairer then thou art.*

1.

ALL you that Wit and Beauty know,
Give ear to me, and I will ſhew
A *Witty Fair-one* that can fit
Your mindes with Beauty and with Wit;
She was a Virgin not inthrall'd,
And commonly *Maria* call'd.

2.

Fair *Iſabel* was one that ſhe
Had lov'd even from her infancy,

Who

Which was betroathed to a quick
And nimble youth, call'd *Frederick*;
Who for a chance which often doth
Befall, refus'd to keep his oath.

3.

Her Brother was a Merchant, and
Had all her portion in his hand,
A man of judgement, wealth and wit,
And went himself to sea with it;
But certain news came in a day,
He and his ship was cast away.

4.

Her portion by mischance thus gone,
She must no more be lookt upon,
For *Frederick* will make't appear,
He lov'd her money more then her;
Thus in one day she must forego
A Brother and a Husband too.

5.

He doth begin to love each grace
That dwells in fair *Maria*'s face,
Her wit and beauty (both combin'd)
So strangely captivate his minde;
That he sollicites night and day
The Lady in a lustful way.

6.

His last request she answers thus,
Sir, what will people speak of us,
If't should be known, as 'twill (quoth she)
If I at last with childe should be?

He

He anſwers ſtraight (to quit all fear)
E're that be known he'l marry her.

7.

She bids him come at night, and ſhe
Will entertain him ſecretly;
Quoth ſhe, if juſt at ten you'l wait,
You ſhall come through the garden gate:
One pair of ſtairs you cannot miſs,
Next to the Bower my Chamber is.

8.

There we in darkneſs both muſt lye,
You'l finde no other light but I;
And in the morning when the day
Appears you muſt make haſte away;
Leſt Viſitants do come to me,
And make a ſad diſcovery.

9.

He takes his leave of her, but then
Each hour is twenty until ten;
No other thoughts come in his head,
But fair *Maria* and the bed,
And ſhe as buſie is in thought,
How this to paſs may well be brought.

10.

Her pureſt linnen ſhe does ſpread,
Perfum'd and pleaſant for the bed;
The night grows dark, that none can ſee,
The hour is come, and ſo is he:
Now what they do I dare not tell,
I fear you all can gueſs too well.

11.

In silence all the night was past,
And both do fall asleep at last;
The morning's come, the sun doth rise,
And now he views his Mistress eyes;
But when he had survey'd her well,
'Twas his contracted *Isabel*.

12.

This was the witty fair ones plot,
He swore and curst, and up he got;
Maria doth the Musick guide,
To bid good morrow to the Bride;
And every part o'th' Town doth tell,
That he hath married *Izabel*.

13.

He findes himself thus catcht, and he
In silence suffers it to be;
Maria with good news doth come,
Her Brother is come richly home;
And that the rumour of the wrack
(As it appears) was a mistake.

14.

This proves great joy to *Izabel*,
Maria likes the news as well;
For 'twas well known that he and she
Were Lovers e're he went to sea:
His coming home hath rais'd them all,
Who did in desperation fall.

15.

They meet, kiss, and salute their loves,
One's soul in t'others body moves;

The joyes they have no tongue can tell,
But onely they that love as well;
The Marriage-day appointed is,
The first step to a Lovers bliss.

16.

You witty fair ones that are here,
Is not this project chaste and clear?
And was it not a noble end,
To pleasure a contracted friend?
Of all that Poets e're expresst,
The *witty fair one* is the best.

The Royal Rant:
A Medley in Oliver's *time.*

Barre-boy cease to roar,
We shall quaff no more,
When we think upon the dayes
Of *Love* and *Musick*, *Loyalty* and *Playes*;
When Law and Reason
Were not high Treason,
'Twas a good season than;
E're Parliaments
Brought these events,
'Twas fame enough to be an Englishman:
But Legislators,
And Regis-haters
Have brought such slaughters since;
The Gentry
In prisons lye,
And finde it crime enough to be a Prince.

2.

In a dungeon deep we lye;
Crampt with cold Captivity,
Where the bedleſs bottom owns
Nothing to relieve our bones;
Yet ſuch is the ſacred ſcope of the ſoul,
That we never think
Of the ſtink,
When cold water we drink,
For Conſcience crowns the bowl.

3.

Thus the ſhip of Reformation,
That was lately lancht in blood,
Floats in flouds of lamentation;
Let us now behold the wood,
Where the Royal Oak once growing,
Made it a perpetual ſpring;
There ſedition now is ſowing,
Hark what *Philomel* doth ſing.

The Ni[illegible]
Is now grown ſick, ſick, ſick,
To ſee the Royal vocal Wood,
So bonny and good, good good,
Where each bonny Bird did meet
With concord ſweet, ſweet ſweet,
Is defil'd by Rebels, where they hug
Their Leaguer Lady,
Jug jug, jug jug jug jug jug jug jug.

5.

Thus you see how tydes are turning,
No condition's lasting,
In a moment mirth and mourning,
Blowing buds are blasting;
Fortune is
A coy Mistris,
No man ever kept her;
She'l (by power)
In an hour
Make a Sword a Scepter.

6.

Yet let us wait upon her wheel,
And not with fury fret her;
For she that turn'd from well to ill,
May turn from bad to better.

7

Therefore *Barre-boy* roar agen,
We will drink like Englishmen,
For every Pottle bring up [illegible]
I hope this is no Treason.
He that is
In a Land like this,
Must lay aside his Reason.

8.

Then let us drink a Health to his fame,
Who for our tongues we dare not name,
Who for a Throne we dare not own;
But wee'll devise a curse likewise
Upon the State-Hector, the People's Pro-jector,

May

May all they have done come home to their own *Drawer!* Bring up your Wine, and fill up your Pots, For we are the Men that have no Plots.

The Frollick.

A Medley of three Airs.

I.

A Qualm comes over me, Drawer bring
Up a Quart of Canary;
We will drink till our eyes
Out-ſparkle the Skies,
And make the full Moon miſcarry;
For ſince Canary will be a King,
This Room ſhall be a Star-Chamber,
'Cauſe the Glaſs in the cloſe
At every man's Noſe,
Reflects on his Brow like Amber:
But where are the Moon and Stars,
Alas! they have loſt their light;
We'l drink them up
T'other Cup,
Canary can fix 'em right:
Canary can conquer *Mars*,
And tumble his Target down;
What he can do
Who doth know,
'Till he gets in the Crown.

2.

Why ſhould we heartleſs be,
But look up unto
Wine, and the wonders Canary can do;
Let us dance after chance
Like fairy Elves,
Drink down misfortune, and drink up our ſelves;
Drink till the hogſheads reel
One againſt t'other,
Then like right Stateſmen we'l
Drink one another:
All the chink
That we drink
Springs in our Meadows,
We ne're quaff
The tears of
Orphans and Widdows.

3.

'Tis but folly
To be formal holy,
Let's be jolly,
Hang up melancholy;
They that reprove us
Did never love us,
But would remove us,
That they might be above us:
Then let us tarry,
Leſt we miſcarry,
If we but vary
Our Principle Canary;

Although they ſcant us,
This ſhall not daunt us;
Though they out-vaunt us,
They never ſhall out-rant us.

The Jubilee, on the Coronation day. 23 Apr. 1661.
Tune. *The King enjoyes his own again.*

1.

LEt every man with tongue and pen
Rejoyce that *Charles* is come agen,
To gain his Scepter and his Throne,
And give to every man his own;
Let all men that be
Together agree,
And freely now expreſs their joy:
Let your ſweeteſt voices bring
Pleaſant Songs unto the King,
To Crown his Coronation day.

2.

All that do tread on Engliſh earth
Shall live in freedom, peace and mirth;
The golden times are come, that we
Did one day think we ne're ſhould ſee:
Protector and Rump
Did put us in a dump,
When they their Colours did diſplay;
But the time is come about,
We are in, and they are out,
By King *Charles* his Coronation day.

FINIS.